



DAVENANT — CIRCE, A TRAGEDY — LONDON 1677



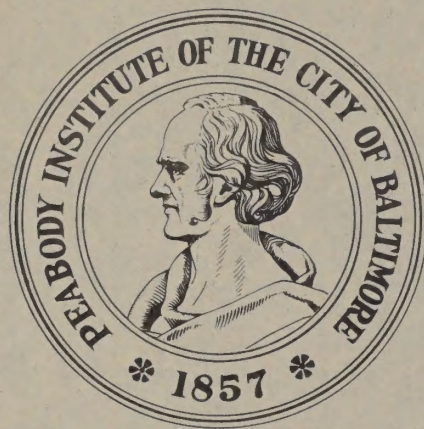




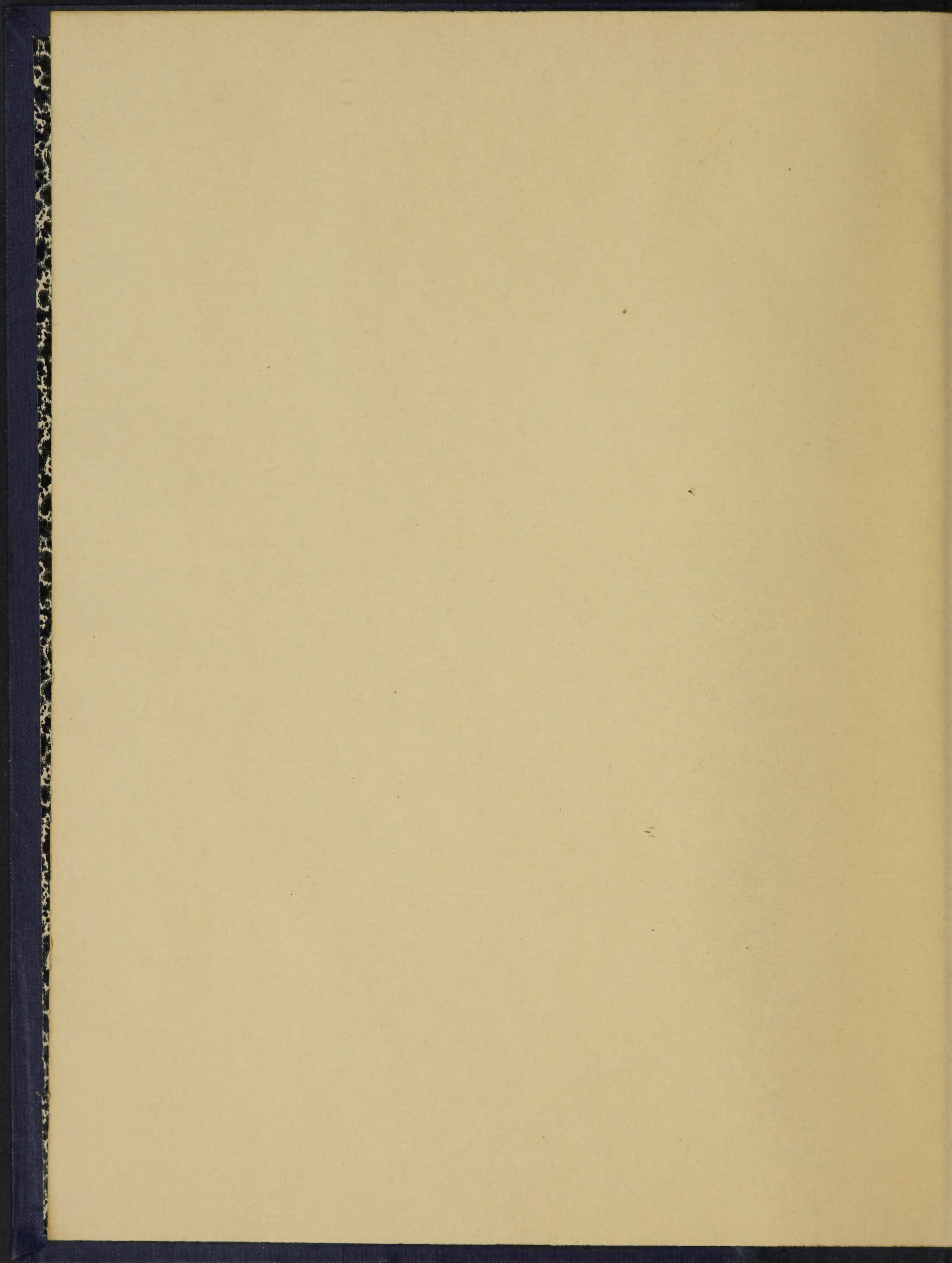


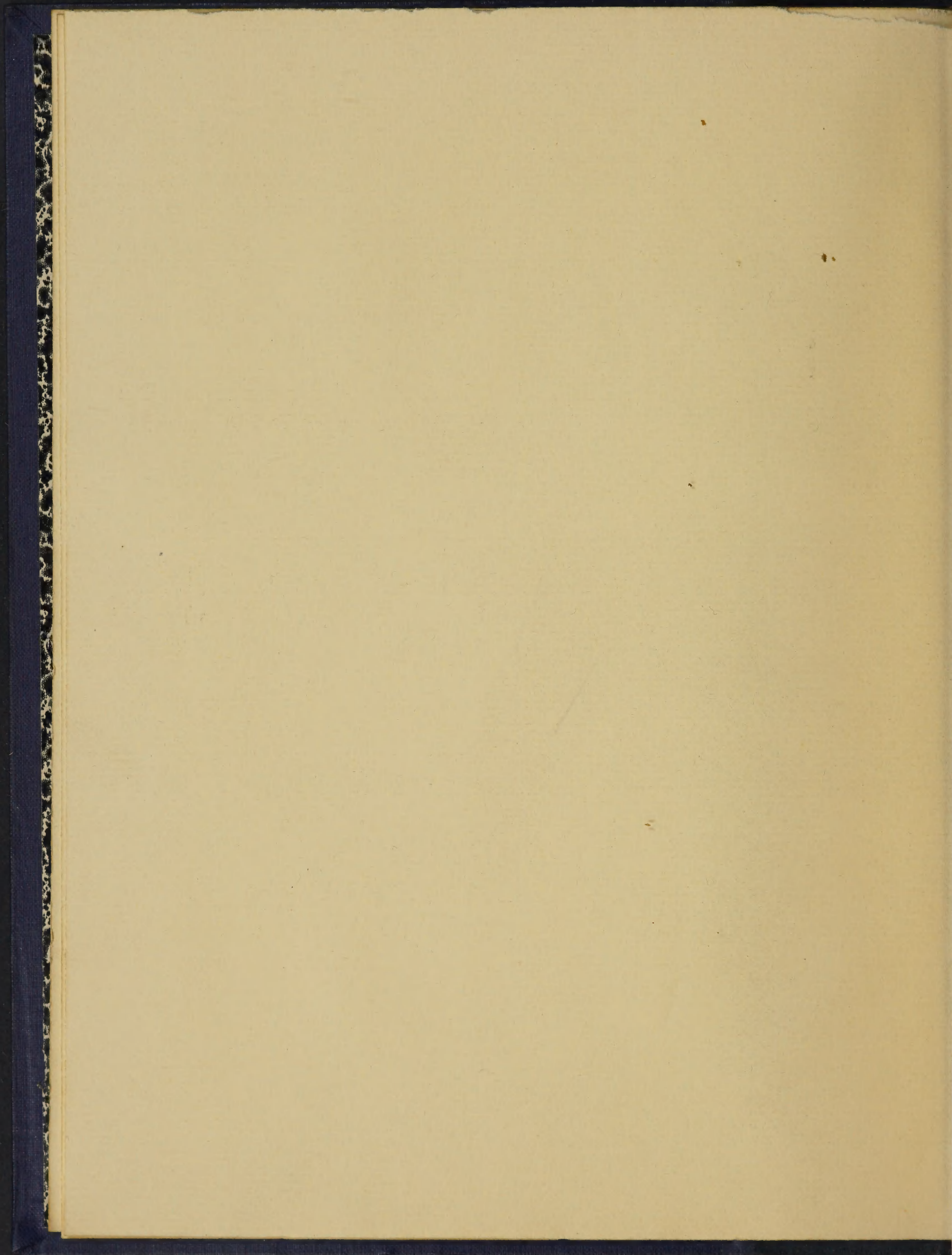
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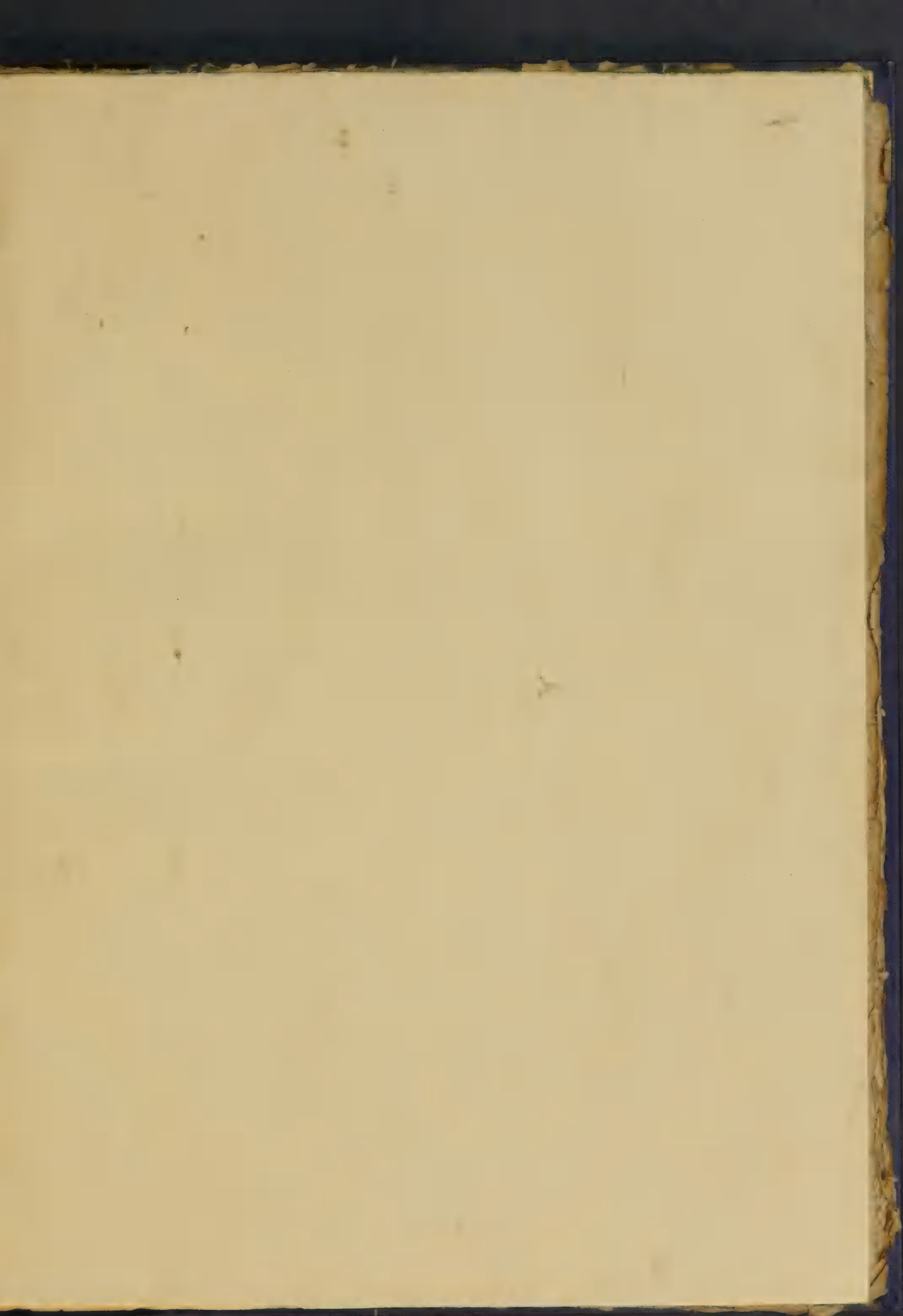
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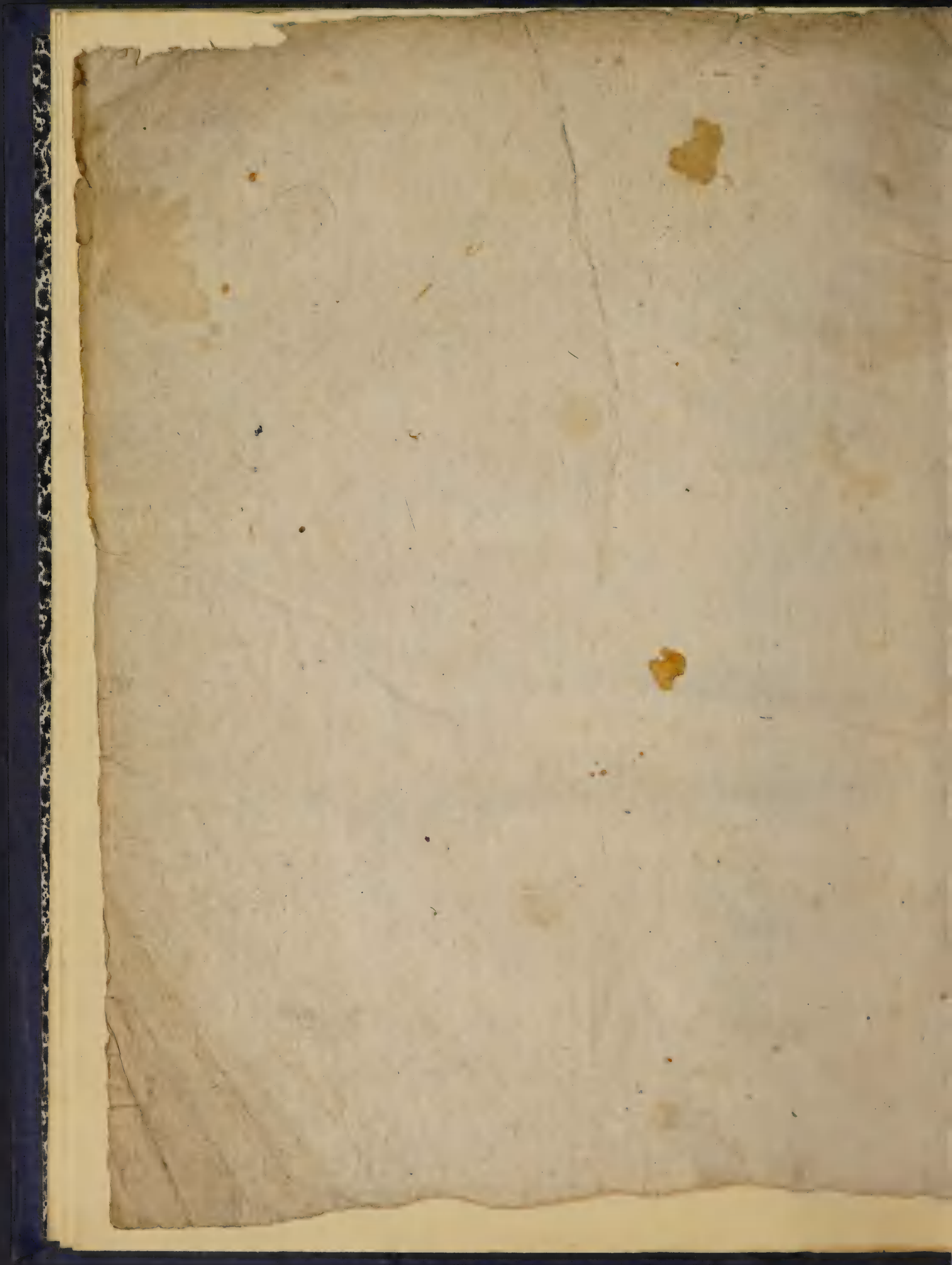






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CIRCE,

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted

AT HIS

Royal Highness the Duke of YORK's

THEATRE.

By CHARLES D'AVENANT, LL.D.

Hor. Velut Ægri somnia vana.

Licensed June 18, 1677, Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed for Richard Tonson at his Shop
under Grays-Inn-gate next Grays-Inn-
lane, MDCLXXVII.

CIRCE.

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By CHARLES DANNEMANT, LL.D.

THE FIRST ACT, &c. &c. &c.

LONDON, 1707.

LONDON.

Printed for Richard Taylor at his Shop
under Gray's-Inn-gate next to the Temple.

per MICHAEL.

THE
PROLOGUE

(Written by Mr. Dryden.)

WEre you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear;
To his green years your Censures you wou'd suit,
Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.

*The Sex that best does pleasure understand,
Will always chuse to err on t'other hand.*

*They check not him that's Aukward in delight,
But clap the young Rogues Cheek, and set him right.*

Thus heartn'd well, and flesh't upon his Prey,

The youth may prove a man another day;

For your own sakes, instruct him when he's out,

You'l find him mend his work at every bout.

When some young lusty Thief is passing by,

How many of your tender Kind will cry,

A proper Fellow, pity he shou'd dye.

He might be sav'd, and thank us for our pains,

There's such a stock of Love within his Veins,

These Arguments the Women may perswade,

But move not you, the Brothers of the Trade,

Who scattering your Infection through the Pit,

With aking hearts and empty Purses sit,

To take your dear Five Shillings worth of Wit.

The praise you give him in your kindest mood,

Comes dribbling from you, just like drops of blood;

And then you clap so civilly, for fear

The loudness might offend your Neighbours ear;

That we suspect your Gloves are lin'd within,

For silence sake, and Cotten'd next the skin.

From these Usurpers we appeal to you,

The only knowing, only judging few;

You who in private have this Play allow'd,

Ought to maintain your Suffrage to the Crowd.

The Captive once submitted to your Bands,

You shou'd protect from Death by Vulgar hands.

The Persons.

<i>Thoas.</i>	King of <i>Scythia</i> .
<i>Ithacus.</i>	<i>Circe's</i> Son by <i>Ulysses</i> .
<i>Orestes.</i>	A Prince of <i>Argos</i> .
<i>Pylades.</i>	His Friend.
<i>Pluto.</i>	
<i>Priests.</i>	
<i>Spirits.</i>	

<i>Circe.</i>	Queen of <i>Scythia</i> .
<i>Os mida.</i>	Daughter to <i>Thoas</i> by a former Queen.
<i>Iphigenia.</i>	Priestess to <i>Diana</i> <i>Taurica</i> .
<i>Clytemnestra's</i> Ghost.	
Four Nymphs used by <i>Circe</i> in her Charms.	

S C E N E.

Taurica Cherfonefus.

CIRCE.

ACT I.

Scene *Circe's Cave.**Thoas, Iphigenia, Guards and Attendants.*

Iph. **T**HIS, sure, is the sad region of despair,
 Where, after Death, the guilty Souls repair:
 Here is no promise of a blooming Spring;
 No chearful light awakes the Birds to Sing.

The blasted Trees no leaves or blossoms yield,
 On their bare tops Owles pearch, and Ravens build.

Tho. Those Spirits gladly in these shades obey,
 Who sicken at the view of brighter day.
 In this dark place, shut up from mortal sight,
 My Queen converses with the God of Night,
 Prepares her Poysons, mutters holy Words:
 Herbs for her Charms th' unwholsome soile affords;
 Here she has promised from their dark abodes,
 By her strong Art to raise th' infernal Gods,
 And to inquire our fate.

Iph. ——— Can Heaven decree
 That any lucky Star should smile on me.
 How long a Captive must I here remain?
 How long my hands with horrid murders stain?
 A Goddess who in humane blood delights
 Ordains me to perform her impious rights.
 Ye Pow'rs that rule the World, shall I no more
 My Country see, nor household Gods adore?

Tho. Oh *Iphigenia* when those Prayers you make,
 When you beg leave this Region to forsake,

B

So

So softly speak, that none but Heaven may hear,
 With the harsh Words wound not a Lovers ear.
 For freedom cruel Maid in vain you sue,
 The Pow'rs above will be as deaf as you.
 Alas! what pity can you hope to meet,
 Who let poor Lovers languish at your feet?
 Who can behold with unrelenting Eyes
 A wretched King who for your Beauty dies?

Iph. Where are your Oaths, how often have you sworn?
 Your guilty passion should in secret burn. [Angerly.
 Must I by death your persecutions fly?
 I am not so confin'd but I can die.

Scene Second.

Enter Ithacus.

Ith. E're we invoke the Gods, I hither come
 From *Iphigenia's* mouth to know my doom;
 From you my life or death I humbly wait;
 'Tis you and not the Gods that rule my fate.
 The chase of Glory I no more pursue,
 Forgetting Armes, I languish here for you.
 Love may incite the Young to hunt for fame,
 But Beauty then must the reward prolame.
 I ask but Hope, it is a slender fare,
 But the Camelion-Love can live on Air.

Iph. Like some mistaken Zealot you apply
 True Worship to the wrong Divinity.
 Adore the fair *Osmida*, far more bright
 And beautiful than first created light;
 More Innocent than Beauty was before
 It studied Wit, or costly Dresses wore.
 Her Mind is Noble, and her Greatness free,
 Her Soul, like Heaven, full of blest Harmony:
 Unless unquiet Love some discord moves,
 Which you must pardon, since 'tis you she loves:
 Of all those Graces prodigal to you,
 For which, in vain, the rest of Mankind sue.

Tho. If we by Policy could govern Love,
 My Daughter's Sighs this Noble Prince might move;

Since

Since he for suddain exile must prepare,
 Or, marrying her, be made the Empires Heir;
 Loudly the People for this Union call,
 And their Rebellious fury threatens all:
 But I the Magick of your Beauty know
 Too well to blame what Love compel's him to.

Ith. Before I saw your Daughter, I had paid
 My Loves first Tribute to this charming Maid;
 And then the Empire vainly did enjoin,
 That I should give a Heart which was not mine.

Iph. I'll hear no more, it is too great a fault,
 But to endure your Criminals assault;
 In Vertu's Combats they that keep the Field,
 Almost as guilty are as they that yield:
 Vertue by flight secures it self.

[*Is going.*]

Ith. ————— O stay,
 To my dark Hopes will you afford no day?
 Promise at least you will bestow your Love,
 As you'r directed by the Pow'rs above.

Iph. What they command I never shall decline,
 To Heav'n my will and person I resign.

Scene Third.

To them Osmida.

Osm. I have my Sexes Passions, want their Art;
 For by my Eyes still I betray my Heart:
 Thither to gaze on him my Soul does haste,
 And in kind looks I all my Spirits waste.

Iph. Behold the fair *Osmida* now appears,
 Her beauteous Eyes are full of Love and Tears.

Tho. Poor Virgin! my commands at first did make [To *Osm.*
 Those Wounds thou didst but in obedience take.

Osm. You bade me all those modest fears remove,
 Which guard at first a Virgins Heart from Love.
 Admire not, if I yielded to his Charmes,
 When you had taken from me all my Arms;
 But *Ithacus*, since you my Love despise,
 I with a just disdain will arm my Eyes,

And in my Breast I shall retain no fire,
But what my Anger and Revenge inspire.

Ith. Madam, oppress not thus my sinking Fate;
I bear already a too heavy weight :
Ah rather an unhappy wretch deplore,
Who dies, because he cannot love you more;
My Heart's a Prisoner, if it Freedom gains,
It shall but be to wear *Osmida's* Chains.

Osm. That *Iphigenia's* Empire would but be
As short as thou wilt find my hate of thee.
Like a kind Parent I forgive, and take
Any submission he is pleas'd to make.

Scene Fourth.

Enter Circe with four Women.

Circ. Reproach to thy Great Father, and to me! [*To Ithacus*
The wise *Ulysses* does not live in thee;
Would he to Love have sacrific'd a Throne?
Ah Son! this weakness, or thy Race disown.

Ith. Blame not my Passion, Madam! Love and hate,
Are less at Mans disposal than his Fate.

Cir. But let this Monarch your Example prove, [*Pointing to Tho.*
He knows by int'rest how to govern Love.
To me he gave his Hand with treacherous art,
When *Iphigenia* did possess his Heart.

Ungrateful King, Love on! but know I bear
The Thunder that can punish you and her.

Iph. His Passion I with grief and trouble see,
You cannot suffer more by Jealousie.

Cir. Curs'd be her Eyes, curs'd be that fatal day,
When she at *Aulis* on the Altar lay. [*To Iph.*
Why did the cruel Gods prevent thy fall?
Those Gods which for thy death before did call.

No Victim, great *Diana* could appease,
The Warriour's languish'd in ignoble ease.
No Ship could spread her Sails, for every wind
Offended Heaven, did in deep Caverns bind.
Troy's Genius smil'd, to see the Fates oppose
The Sea, and Wind, against her pow'ful Foes.

Then

Then *Calchas* cry'd, here we must ever lie,
 Unless the Princess *Iphigenia* die.
 The Gods require her blood; *Calchas* is sent
 To fetch the Virgin from the Royal Tent.
 From her sad Moth's bosome she is caught,
 And by her Father, to the Altar brought.
Calchas prepar'd to give the fatal wound,
 When from above was heard a heavenly sound;
 It was *Diana's* voice, who from a Cloud
 Pronounc'd this Sentence to the wondring crowd.
 Your Princess shall not on my Altar bleed,
 She is for Holy Mysteries decreed:
 To *Taurica* I will the Virgin bear,
 Through the unbeaten Region of the Air.
 Now thou art come, our Empires peace is lost,
 My vast designs for greatness all are cross'd.

Iph. *Calchas!* how dull and lazy was thy zeal,
 Would I had perish't by the Sacred Steel.
 Would I had dy'd at *Aulis*, in this place
 I pass a Life unworthy of my Race.
 My hands are ever stain'd in humane blood,
 And arm'd against the innocent and good.

Circ. Your hands do far less mischief than your eyes,
 For which that poor ignoble Rebel dies. [Pointing to *Itha.*
 You, *Ithacus*, have by this Passion stain'd,
 All the Renown which you in Arms had gain'd;
 Give a great Victim to your Countries good,
 And save vast Torrent of the *Scythian* blood.

Osir. Urge him no more, since 'tis his happiness,
 I wish he ev'n my Rival may possess.
 And may she love the Prince! as well as I.
 I know my remedy must be to die;
 With thee no Rebel will dispute the Throne,
 None will constrain thy heart, when I am gone.

Ith. My Constancy a barren Heart has till'd,
 Which to my labouring Hopes, no fruit will yield,
 And I refuse a passion kinder far,
 Than that which Deities to Mortals bear:
 Not *Iphigenia* can more charming be,
 Tho' partial Love makes her seem so to me. [Looking on *Osirid.*
 Fle

I'll look my self into your softer pow'r,
 And now methinks I only you adore.
 Rebel my injur'd Heart ! and nobly rise
 Against those Tyrants, *Iphigenia's* Eyes.
 Each thought does represent her now less fair,
 And all conspires I should your Fetters wear.

Osm. Oh weak Resolves! that angry Lovers make,
 Which they are led insensibly to break.
 Safe in thy Hearts strong Fortrefs Love remains,
 And smiles to see thee struggle with thy Chains;
 One look your Resolutions will defeat,
 And make you sigh for pardon at her feet.

Ith. Your every Grace my fainting senses arms
 Against the Force of all her powerful Charms.
 I can look on, and yet her Charms despise; [*Looks on Iphigenia.*]
 And thus provoke the Magick of her Eyes.
 Now to regain my freedom I begin.

Osm. How fast he sucks the subtle poyson in !

Ith. Thus I her Image from my Bosome tear,
 And hate her now—— yet she is wond'rous fair.

Osm. Too well this language of the Eyes I know,
 Each look an extasie of Love does show.

Ith. By Heav'ns! when this brave Onset I would make,
 My Heart grows faint, and all my sinews shake.
 Revenge and anger, which should succour me,
 Like Cowards fly, when I her Beauty see.
 And now I melt into more tenderness,
 Than Artless Maids in their first Loves express.

Osm. Poor Prince! I will not blame but pity thee,
 Thou art irreparably lost like me.
 With some soft pleasure, we'll delude the care
 And torment which we suffer by despair.
 I will with Tears deplore your misery,
 And you with gentle sighs shall pity me.

Ith. I have one torment, Madam, more than you,
 I must despair, and be ungrateful too.

Circ. By Force and Art I had a Scepter won,
 Of which these Rebels will deprive my Son.
 They all refuse that he a Crown should wear,
 Which with *Ojmida* he denies to share.

Thus

Thus Love does humane Policy despise,
And laughs at all the Councils of the Wise.

Ith. To pardon Criminals, and bless them too,
Only belongs to Deities and you.

[To Circe.

You must do both, from you we hope a Cure,
For all those Ills which we from Love endure.
The Gods some secret Remedy may find,
To cure the Wounds of each afflicted mind.
Raise the infernal Pow'rs by your strong Charms.

Cir. To your Requests I will indulgent prove,
But Heav'n it self has little pow'r o're Love.

Osm. I from the Gods only to death pretend,
'Tis in that point my Miseries must end.

Cir. You must retire; these Sacred Mysteries,
With Reverence we conceal from common Eyes.

Tho. My Soul is with some mighty Fate oppress'd,
My Heart does pant and struggle in my Breast.

I feel, I know not what, that says I am
For one that Loves, and is a King, too tame,

How weakly Reason too resists desire?

And like small Show'rs does but augment the Fire.

[Ex. all but Circe and her Women.

*The Scene opens to the inward part of the Cave.
The Infernal Priests Enter.*

*Sung by Circe's Women at the Infernal Sacrifice.
Priests joyn in the Chorus.*

WE must assemble by a Sacrifice
Those Demons who do range about the Skies.

Their necessary aid you use,
Those poysonous Herbs and Roots to chuse,
Which mingled, and prepar'd by your strong Art,
Do to your Charms, their chiefest Force impart.

Your Censers to the Altar take,
And with Arabian Gums sweet Odours make.

The Air, with Musick gently wound,
Sweet smells they love, and every pleasing sound.

Cir.

Cir. The stragling *Demons*, Harmony can fix,
Calls home the Sences of the Lunaticks,
And which is most, in Temples does prepare,
And can assemble Man's wild thoughts to Prayer.

They all walk up to the Altar.

Priests Sing.

I.

Come every Demon who o'resees
The Fates of mighty Monarchies,
And orders how they rise and set,
All you who Love and Lust inspire,
And kindle wild Ambition's Fire,
The dang'rous Sickness of the Great.

Chor. Circe, the Daughter of the Sun obey,
Or in his gilded Beams you ne're shall play.

II.

You who hatch Factions in the Court,
Sedition in the meaner sort,
Amongst the Pious, holy Strife,
Tumults in Camps, in Senates too,
Those discords which the good undo,
All, all that wait on humane life.

Chor. Circe, the Daughter of the Sun obey,
Or in his gilded Beams you ne're shall play.

Enter four Spirits.

Cir. Bring me the juice of every Plant
Which grows in those infectious Shades,
Where Nature hid, corrupts or fades:
Of all that temperate heat, or moisture want.
Bring me the lustful *Motacilla's* blood,
And Vervain against Thunder good.
The juice of baneful Aconite:
The black and melancholy qualities of these,
By sympathy, the God of Darkness please,
Whom I must raise up to his hated light.

[Exit one of the Spirits.
Sung

CIRCE.

9

Sung by one of Circe's Women alone.

Lovers, who to their first Embraces go,
Are slow and languishing, compar'd to you;
In speed you can outdo the winged Wind,
And leave, even Thought, creeping and tir'd behind.

A Spirit rises, and layes a Jarre at Circe's feet.

Sung by Circes Women.

BEhold, quick as thy thought,
Th' Ingredients of thy Spells are brought,
By which thy dismal Bus'ness must be wrought.
Great Minister of Fate,
In this deep Cave you sit in State,
Famine and Pestilence about you wait;
At your dread Word they fly through every Land,
Whilst their fierce undiscerning rage,
Does pity neither Sex nor Age.

Death is as blind as Love, at your command.

Chorus. Each Plant and Herb have all their poyson sent;
On what new mischief is your Magick bent?

Cir. Whil'st on the Earth this Juice I pour, [*To the Magicians.*
And that the Priests their solemn Anthem sing,

Do you tread on this holy flour,
Those mystick Figures, sacred to th' Infernal King.
[*Magicians dance.*

A Priest sings alone.

PLuto, arise!
From those blest shades where Kings, and Lovers are,
Where those no torment have from State and Care;
And these feel not the torment of Despair.

The Second Part of the Dance.

PLuto, arise!
From thy blest Kingdom of Equality,
Where Birth, Wealth, Beauty have no tyranny,
Where all Mankind are fellow-slaves to thee.

C

Scene

Scene Fifth.

The Earth opens, Pluto arises in a Chariot drawn by Black Horses.

Circe, Pluto, Priests, Spirits.

Plut. Why do you call me from Eternal night?
Unwilling to the world's more guilty might?

Cir. I do conjure thee, by her conqu'ring Eyes
Which even had pow'r to make a God their prize,
Pity those Lovers, who indure more pain,
Than all the Damn'd thy Empire does contain.
Vouchsafe in Fates mysterious Books to read,
What for my Son and Husband is decreed.

Plu. 'Tis destin'd by a pow'r which Gods obey,
That both should meet a cruel fate this day.

Cir. Each word has been a thousand deaths to me,
Ah take my Soul to the dark Shades with thee!

Plu. Great *Circe* weep no more, Love shakes his Dart,
The lawful terrour of each noble heart,
And cries aloud, what Deity can dare,
Proscribe those slaves who my blest fetters wear?
I'll punish all, by fatal *Stix* he swears;
And this he spoke with Frowns, but more with Tears.
The Gods like fearful Senates, all debate,
And their harsh Sentence strive to moderate.

Cir. Just Heaven!

Plu. ——— Love from the Gods at last obtain'd,
That by one means their safety may be gain'd
This day two Noble Youths from *Argos* come,
Who travel hither by *Apollo's* doom.
Let one, according to your Empires law,
Be offer'd to *Diana Taurica*.
If one of these a Sacrifice be made,
They may the Sentence of the Gods evade.
Whom your fair Priestess chooses, let him fall,
A bloody Victim to atone for all.

I can no more indure this hated light,
Restore me to the peaceful arms of night.

*{ She waves her Wand,
& he descends.*

Cir.

C I R C E.

II

Cir. This to the King, and to my Son relate,
Do you th'arrival of these Strangers wait,
And so contrive that by some pow'rful Charms,
They be depriv'd of all defensive arms.
With anger and revenge I've play'd too long,
Now it is time that I resent my wrong.
Perfidious King, I have resolv'd thy Fate,
Thy *Iphigenia* too shall share my hate.
Sullen and dark the Planets all appear!
As if some dismal Fate were hatching there,
Some mighty ill is threatned to us all,
Witness you Gods! I do not fear to fall;
But I'll not die alone: At Death I'd smile,
were all the world to be my Funeral Pile.

[To the Priests.

[To the Spirits.

} Ex. Priests

{ and Spirits.

[Exit.

A C T II.

Scene the *Grecian Fleet*.

Orestes, Pylades.

Ores. **T**HIS is that happy place, my generous Friend;
Where 'tis declar'd my Miseries shall end;
Those miseries which had batter'd down this Fort,
But that their shock you help me to support:

I do, in our harmonious friendship, find
Musick to charm the frenzie of my Mind.

Py. Useless is all my friendly art and care,
What I would heal is fester'd by despair;
Within your self a solemn Court you call,
And at each hour by your own Sentence fall;
Condemning an unhappy Paricide,
Whom all the world would have absolv'd beside.
No more in these dark Clouds of grief appear.

Orst. 'Tis, *Pylades*, the shape which Guilt should wear.
A Mothers name should have had power to charme
With sacred Reverence my guilty Arm:
Ah! though she did my Royal Father kill,
And stain his Bed, she was my Mother still,

C 2

I should

I should have left her to the Pow'rs Divine,
Justice was Heaven's Prerogative, not mine.

Py. Heav'n's distant power ill men but little fear,
Who must be kept in awe by what is near;
They impudently sin, because they know
The Good to Heav'n's slow Court of Justice go,
And Judgments are so long in coming thence,
That guilt may Weary praying Innocence:
Think not the Gods, like lazy Monarchs, give
To their bold Subjects their Prerogative;
Heav'n, had it thought that great revenge its due,
Would ne're have let it been usurp'd by you.

Orest. This Region is that famous Temples seat,
Where men with humane blood their Goddesses treat.
To end my griefs it is, perhaps, decreed
That on *Diana's* Altar I should bleed.
My *Pylades*! this dismal place forsake;
You may perhaps the Second Victim make.
Ah fie! this morning Sacrifice declares
That *Scythia's* bloody Zeal no Stranger spares.

Py. Ah my dear friend!

[*Pylades sighs.*]

Orest. ————What does your sorrow mean?

Py. Would I had ne're the fatal Temple seen,
They had perform'd the holy Rites before
Your thoughtful steps had reach'd the Temple Door.
A lovely Youth did at the Altar bow,
Garlands, and manly Grace adorn'd his Brow;
When a bright Virgin with a solemn pace,
All drown'd in tears approach'd the holy place.
How beautiful was her Grief! the dress she wore
Declar'd that she the bloody office bore;
She took the crooked Knife, and gave the wound;
The murder'd Victim panted on the ground.
Whilst I did something in my Bosom feel,
That wounded deeper than the sacred Steel.

Orest. Defend your Heart, that must not be a Prize:
To any, but your *Iphigenia's* Eyes.
The Oracle at *Delphos* did declare
I should recover that lost Sister here;
Heav'n has pronounc'd that she must be your Bride,
Fate has the sacred Knot already ty'd.

Py. No, no, my heart is from my Bosom flown,
 And I am false to you and friendship grown.
 Our Eyes at last, to perfect my defeat,
 With trembling pleasure, and confusion meet.
 Her lovely paleness hasty blushes dy'd,
 And she with haste those blushes strove to hide:
 But suddain grief benighted soon her Eyes;
 I trembled to behold the Tempest rise.
 She wept, and pointed to the Temple Door,
 She shew'd her hands all stain'd with humane Gore,
 As if she meant I should that Temple flie,
 At whose sad Altar wretched Strangers die.

Orest. I that last action saw, and did advance
 To wake your senses from so deep a Trance.
 I saw the Priestess, and her fatal view,
 Did *Clytemnestra* to my mind renew,
 I did, with wonder, in her lovely Face
 The well known features of my Mother trace;
 I then reflected on my former guilt,
 And on the Blood my impious rage had spilt.

Py. In peace your Mother in her Urn does rest,
 Let not her memory disturb your Breast.

{ A horrid Mu-
 { sick in the Air.

Sung by Furies.

I.

T His impious Breast, you Furies fill
 With all that Hell of horror does contain.
 Gnaw, Gnaw his Heart, you Scorpions still.
 But from himself he feels the sharpest pain.
 But from himself he feels the sharpest pain.

II.

For any other humane Crime,
 Tears and Repentance may Oblations be,
 But nothing shall atone for him.
 The damn'd may sooner pardon find than he,
 The damn'd may sooner pardon find than he.

Orest. Hark *Pylades*! me every Fiend of Hell
 With my black Paricide reproaches still:

C 3

See

See the Adulterer *Ægisthus*, there,
And my unhappy Mother's forms appear.

Pyl. I fear his mind, inflam'd by active Thought,
Is to its former Rage and Fever wrought.

Orest. Oh can there be no expiation made?
What have I offer'd to appease thy shade?
Mother! and piteous Heaven! forget my crime,
Or you'll more cruel than *Orestes* seem.

Tie up your Scorpions you *Eumenides*!
Whom I'll with blood of pregnant Ewes appease.

Pyl. You entertain your self with shapeless Air,
Nor have you any guilt but this Despair.

Orest. Bankrupt is man, unless kind Heav'n will take
Repentance, all the payment we can make. { *The Heav'ns open, Iris
appears on the Rain-
bow, and sings.*

SONG.

I.

CEase valiant Hero! cease to grieve;
The Gods thy Pray'rs, and Penitence receive:
You cannot sin so fast as they forgive.

II.

All the attempts of Hell are vain,
O're that, and grief, you shall the conquest gain,
A Pardon your unwilling Crimes obtain.

III.

You Spirits made of Air refin'd,
With pleasing objects cheer his clouded mind;
No footsteps leave of former guilt behind.

A Dance of the Winds.

Orest. My thoughts are become calm, and quiet now;
As first they were e're I to guilt did bow.

Pyl. Try by soft slumbers to delude your care.
What pleasant sounds are these which bless the air? { *A pleasant
Symphony.*
They sweeter to my ravish'd Sense appear,
Than yielding Whispers to a Lovers ear.

Orestes

*Orestes and Pylades seat themselves on a Rock; Syrens
rise out of the Sea and sing.*

S O N G.

I.

AH how happy are we!
Who from bus'ness, that graver folly, are free;
Let us Love, though the sober should blame us.
A curse on the Wise,
They need not advise,
Age makes too much haste to reclaim us.

II.

Let us carelessly move
In the riots of Wit, and follies of Love,
Our age does to pleasure invite us;
But when we are old
And our Blood grows cold,
Not Art nor Fifteen can incite us.

[Syrens descend, and leave them asleep as enchanted.]

Scene Second.

Enter Circe, Spirits appear.

Cir. You have outdone my wish, but to your care:
One thing remains, then you are free as Air.
The King grows wicked, and does now begin
But faintly to resist th' invading sin.
Assist his tottering Vertue to o'rethrow,
He must with greater haste be wicked now.
Bait your temptations with all cunning Arts,
Which Lust insinuates when it poysons Hearts,
Our Priestess he must ravish; that black crime
Serves my designs to ruine her and him.
One stain'd with Lust, my Son must needs despise,
Then he may yield to fair *Osmida's* Eyes.

Spir. Such poyson to his Vertue shall be given,
That it shall ev'n be past the Cure of Heaven.

Cir.

Cir. *Diana!* We have now thy Victim here, [*Looking on the*
Strangers.]
 How goodly and Majestick they appear!
 Two Godheads in that Face their Revels keep,
 The God of Love, and peaceful God of Sleep.
 Both in their gayest Robes ——
 He's manly, as the Worlds first Hero's were,
 E're Nature was debauch'd by vice or care:
 His Eyes shut up, a kindly Spring appear,
 Foretelling pleasures in the opening year:
 Oh how I burn! he must have conquering eyes,
 Who in neglectful sleep can thus surprize.
 Ye Gods! If in this warlike shape I find
 A daring courage, and an active mind,
 One that had rather Mighty be than Just,
 He may supply my Anger, and my Lust.
 I'm of my Pageant Monarch weary grown;
 He fills my Bed as idly as the Throne.

Scene Third.

Enter Thoas, Iphigenia, *Guards, who bind and disarm the Strangers*

My dearest Lord, behold the Strangers here [*Seeing the King.*]
 Incharmed lie, and we no more shall fear.

It seems that they unseen amongst the crowd
 This day, with us, to great *Diana* bow'd:
 Since, from the Temple they are hither brought,
 And in the Fetters of my Magick caught.

Iph. As I this day the holy Rites perform'd,
 A Youth with strange success my bosom storm'd.
 His Image busie in my Heart I feel:
 Guard him, you Angels, from their cruel zeal:

Tho. These Strangers, like dark clouds hang o're our Fate,
 Which to be safe we now must dissipate.
Circe, we must resolve that one of these
 Shall by his fall the angry Gods appease.

Iph. I'll see no more, let Death benight my Eys; [*Seeing Pyl. bound.*]
 There, there, the Noble Youth incharmed lies:
 Why would he in this fatal Country stay?
 My tears and sighs did bid him haste away.
 Wake! wake! unhappy Strangers! who are lost
 On this unhospitable cruel Coast.

You

You must no more your freedom hope to have,
Than they who are Deaths prisoners in the Grave.
Still one of those who touch our barbarous shore,
We offer to the Goddess we adore.

Ores. Surpris'd and bound; come to the Altar lead,
You do but what Heavens justice has decreed.

Tho. I'm forc'd by Custom, that unwritten Law,
By which the People keep, even Kings in awe,
To give this doom, for which you calmly wait;
To dy's the easiest action of the Great.

Pyl. Thy Scepter Prince extends not to this place,
The shore is common to all humane Race.
We're Princes too above all Laws, but those
Which Heav'n, and Nature's silent Pow'rs impose.

Tho. 'Tis by her Laws you are my Captives now,
For Natures Laws do all to force allow.

Cir. Kings must not argue what is right or wrong;
Such little Scruples to the Gown belong.

Tho. This beauteous Maid is Mistress of your Fate,
From her fair Mouth each must his Sentence wait,
One for the Sacrifice she must decree;
The Rites perform'd, we set the other free.

Pyl. If Death does in so fair a form appear,
No Mortal sure can its approaches fear.
I thought that Death could only beauteous shew
In active Battails, in its Scarlet hue.
With eager toiles I oft have sought it there,
But find it glorious now to beg it here.

Iph. Sir, can you die? does not even Vertue dread
To reach the doubtful Mansions of the Dead?

Pyl. Danger and Death in Camps I learn'd to court,
In Camps, where Death's rough bus'ness is a sport.
Save my brave Friend; me for the Victim take,
Whom growing worth does not so useful make.

Iph. But whil'st you plead for him, I blush to say,
Your Vertue leads my choice another way;
With more success you for your self might sue,
Since my own Heart would joyn to plead for you.

Pyl. That trifle, Life, I stoop not to desire,
Th' ambition of my Pray'rs will mount up higher.

D

Iph.

Iph. Ask, ask apace, so fast I lavish all,
I shall have nothing to be liberal.

Cir. No, no, let them the first advances make, [*Looking on Orest.*
And give kind looks whom Love and Youth forsake.
If I speak first, may I become the sport
Of all, and like stale Beauties of the Court
Be forc'd unwilling Lovers to invite,
Woo all young handsome Men, and buy delight.

Pyl. Madam, I beg that I to Death may go,
But I would faine expire belov'd of you;
For, *Indian-like*, I to the Shades below,
Would with the richest of my Treasures go.

Iph. The Airy part of Bliss you humbly crave,
When all its richest substance you may have.
You may ask all, my heart does give so fast,
I fear 'twill give it self away at last.

Pyl. An, speak agen, and bless my ravish't Ears.

Iph. ————— I blush to own
That you are here so soon victorious grown;
But Heav'n, methoughts, bade me receive the Dart,
And told me 'twas a Crime to guard my Heart.
When in the Temple you to day appear'd,
You saw how kindly I your safety fear'd,
And bade you flie, but you shall never feel
The sad effects of our tyrannick Zeal;
Against their rage I will your Life defend,
And grieve I cannot save your Noble Friend.

Pyl. Arm, arm your Eyes with all that Lovers fear;
Let me see Fierceness, Scorn and Hatred there;
Love, and your Beauty, make Life seem so sweet,
That I shall fear Death's horrid shape to meet;
You'l make me fear him even in the Field,
Where he does lasting Fame and Lawrels yield.

Cir. Beauty did first teach Mankind to obey,
Whil'st he that soft Inchanter did survey. [*Looking on Orestes.*
The Nets of Pow'r surpris'd the wond'ring Prey.
Sir, though by Custom I am cruel grown, [*To Orestes.*
For you I something soft and tender own.
Brave Stranger! it would much my pity move,
Should all the hopes of you abortive prove,

And

And perish now, whil'st yet they'r in Fates Womb,
Before they can to their just ripeness come.

Oref. Madam, should I your pity need, 'twould be,
If for the Victim she refuses me.

Weary of Life, Death's sleep I long to take,
And shall be froward, whil'st I'm kept awake.

Cir. You with the Sweets of Youth contend to die,
From which, even Age, would on its crutches lie.
Love, only Love has Charms enow to keep
The Soul from coveting that tedious sleep.

Oref. Love has been still a stranger to my Brest;
Glory and Arms have all my thoughts possess;
Fame I have courted as the only good,
And waded to her through vast Seas of Blood;
But of the World I now am weary grown,
And in Death's quiet Cell would lay me down.

Tho. The bloody Queen does in this Stranger find, *{ Observing*
Something that troubles her imperious mind. *{ Circe.*
Of all its fierceness she disarms her Face,
She languishes, and softens every Grace.

Cir. They may the Pow'r of all the World despise, *[To Oref.*
That bear about 'em such commanding Eyes.
All that have Hearts in your defence will move
Under the conduct of victorious Love.
I speak too much, and fear my Eyes declare
Much more: Heroick Youth, you need not fear:
This tenderness I must with blushes own;
My very Heart is your Defender grown:
And you are safe, unless the *Scythians* dare
Assault a Life their Queen designs to spare.

Enter Ithacus.

Oh! I have talk'd, and look'd away my Heart:
His careless Graces vanquish more than Art.

[Aside.

Ith. Princes be just enough to think I grieve,
That I can only fruitless pity give.
Though to this Crown Heav'n has united me,
I've no alliance with its cruelty.

Tho. Haste to the Temple, where the people wait,
In greedy expectation of their Fate.

Death's solemn bus'ness, they with pleasure see,
As if 'twere but a Pageant Tragedie.

Cir. The fatal choice depends on the rough King,
Whom I with Art must to my Party bring.

Iph. 'Twere better *Scythia* did no Godhead know,
Than by its ignorance profane it so.
Me thinks Religion's Sacred Mysteries,
Should never be expos'd but to the Wife.

[*Ex. all but Circe and Thoas.*]

Scene Fourth.

Circe, Thoas.

Cir. Some great Design is labouring in my mind,
Which is not to proportion yet refin'd.
One of these Strangers the blest means shall be,
To make my Son regain his Liberty.

Tho. Effect that happy Cure, that *Scythia* may,
To your great Art, eternal homage pay.

Cir. You shall know all when that to form is brought,
Which yet is indigested in my thought.
Observ'd you him, who with a thoughtful brow,
Appear'd beneath some heavy Fate to bow;
His Eyes seem'd Sorrows high Majestick Seat,
Where it appears both terrible and great.

Tho. How she describes him with a warm delight!
And in her thoughts, enjoys him in my sight.

[*Aside.*]

Cir. Your strict commands to *Iphigenia* give,
That she should let that Noble Stranger live.
His Life will much to my Designs conduce,
She, for the Sacrifice; his Friend must chuse.

Tho. Methinks a secret sympathy I find,
By which I'm rather to that Friend inclin'd.
His open mind is apter to receive
Any impression your Designs would give.
Save him, an unsuspecting mind he bears,
Th' other untractable, and rough appears.

Cir. We like experienc'd States-men disagree,
And each has Reason for his Policie.
I many great and pow'rful Reasons have,
To chuse that Stranger I would have you save.

Tho.

Tho. You act by odd and secret means, like Heav'n,
To which a blind obedience must be given.
I will resign our Fortunes to your care,
And *Iphigenia* for the choice prepare.

Cir. It will a height'ning to my pleasures be,
That my own Husband should procure for me.
Now let me hasten to prepare the place,
Where I my beauteous Stranger must embrace.
I hope he's innocent, unpractic'd yet
In all the wicked and false Arts of Wit;
Bashfull and kind, I love to tame the Strong;
Mock the Experienc'd, and instruct the Young. [Exit.

Thoas alone.

Tho. Yes lustful Queen! my Pow'r shall rescue him;
By Heav'n I'm made the Pander to her crime.
How insolent and careless is her Pride?
She will not stoop her black Designs to hide;
In all her Crimes she would be something kind,
Did she, with care the jealous Husband blind.
In the Election, *Iphigenia's* hand
Obeys with humble Duty my command.
Stranger thou diest; it is the fate of all,
Who in the Fetters of her Beauty fall. [Exit.

A C T III.

Scene the Temple of Diana Taurica.

Iphigenia, Osmida.

Iph. **W**Hat danger should not helpless Virgins fear
From Lust, which is by Pow'r protected here.
Your Father weary of all Vertue grown,
Does now aloud his guilty passion own.
The Tempest of his Soul does hourly rise;
He threatens Rapes and Murder with his Eyes.
I am a wretched Thing without defence,
And flie to you the Heav'n of Innocence.

Your

Your Arms are persecuted Vertues guard,
 You love th' oppress'd, and Chastity reward.
 Here I will ever weep; my Honour save; [*Embracing Osmida.*
 Let me at least go spotless to the Grave.

Osm. My dearest *Iphigenia* do not weep,
 Under my Wings you shall securely sleep.
 Tho' like your conqu'ring Eyes your Vertue be,
 Unhappy Virgin! fatal still to me;
 Since they do both with so rich lustre shine,
 That they eclipse the fainter light of mine.

Scene Second.

Enter Ithacus.

Approach my Tyrant! none does love like me;
 A Rivals fall others with triumph see;
 But I with tenderness for mine can fear,
 And, against all, in her defence appear.
 Against the oppression of my Father too,
 Who would the ruine of her Fame pursue.

Iph. How peaceful was this place? how calm you were,
 Till *Iphigenia's* sad arrival here?
 Death quickly shall benight these fatal Eyes,
 Th' unhappy Authors of your Miseries.

Ith. Rather than entertain his Love, expire;
 It were a Crime your safety to desire.
 In this long Journey I the way will lead,
 And trace you out the path which you must tread:
 A full reward for all my pains I have,
 If we are at last united in the Grave.

Osm. Ah cruel *Ithacus*! 'twould grieve me less,
 Should you such kindness with your Eyes express;
 Enough, one look, or glance, in Love can plead;
 Too well your Heart she in your Eyes may read.
 But whil'st by words your passion you declare,
 You wound my Soul too deeply through my Ear.
 What Magick can you in her Beauty see,
 Rather to dye with her than live with me.

Iph. He must not die, but here a Prisoner stay,
 Till he a mighty debt of Love does pay.

[*Weeping.*

Osm.

Osm. Alas! his Heart must now a Bankrupt be
 For he has lavish't all that wealth on thee,
 And nothing, nothing does remain for me.
 Distress'd alike we all to Death will go:
 We shall not in Death's blest Dominions know
 The cares which mortal Lovers feel below.

Iph. Thy cruel Heart cannot such goodness move;
 Go! for a Pardon kneel! repent, and love.
 You Pow'rs! that cherish Vertue, and prepare
 Those dreadful Thunders which the wicked fear;
 Can you be never weary to forgive?
 Shall this ungrateful Prince for ever live?

Osm. Now I must chide thy zeal that dares to move
 In so profane a rage against my Love.
 I can forgive him, let us charm our grief,
 And for our miseries seek some relief.
 With tender joy the King will hear me speak;
 He shew him the black crime without disguise,
 Kings are but bad, because few dare advise. *[A martial Musick.]*

Iph. We have new griefs, the Martial sounds we hear,
 Declare the sad Procession to be near.

Osm. But common blood had yet our Altar fed,
 Which was, like that of Beasts, unpitied shed;
 But these brave Youths seem rather Deities,
 That might expect, not be a Sacrifice.

Iph. The sad election is already made,
 Where I, the King — or rather Love obey'd. *[Aside.]*
 The Priests, the Captive Strangers, and the King
 Into the Temples holiest part we bring;
 I made my choice, and bade the *Pophæ* bind
 That Youth, whom for Victim I design'd;
 We swore our Temples Laws should be fulfill'd,
 And the Great Victim at the Altar kill'd.

Osm. But did the *Grecians* with firm Vertue wait
 The unjust stroke of their approaching Fate?

Iph. All that the Strangers did was great and brave;
 Each begg'd to die, and would the other save:
 My Sentence pass'd just as I crown'd the Head
 Of him who to the Altar must be lead.
 Cold tremblings ceas'd me, and did stop my breath;
 All appear'd gloomy, as the Shades of Death.

And

And in this Trance me thoughts a Sacred Voyce,
 With dreadful words seem'd to upbraid my choice;
 My Fathers reverend Ghost did then appear,
 All stain'd with Blood, whil'st I dissolv'd with fear;
 It cry'd aloud, mourn *Iphigenia*, mourn!
 Thou hast disturb'd my Ashes in their Urne;
 Unhappy Maid! thou art about a Deed,
 At which the Earth will groan, and Nature bleed.
 This said, the angry Form dissolv'd to Air;
 I fear our Stars some dismal fate prepare.

Osm. I'll from this dismal Scene retire, and pray
 In some close Shade, weeping our sins away.

[*Ex. Osm.*]

Scene Fourth.

Enter Circe.

Cir. Death, and confusion! I am lost, betray'd,
 For ever lost, where is this cruel Maid?

Enter four Spirits.

Perfidious King! my careless Spirits appear!
 More than ten thousand Hells my anger fear.
 Weep *Iphigenia*! 'tis a mighty cause,
 That from these Eyes such Streams of Sorrow draws.

Iph. Ah speak, what have I done, that I must pay
 So many Tears to wash the guilt away.

Cir. Lust, Zeal, Ambition, never did incline
 The blackest Monster to a Crime like thine.

Ah *Iphigenia*! what did guide thy hand
 To make that fatal choice? the Kings command?

Iph. In the election I the King obey'd.

Cir. Curse on my Folly, we are both betray'd;
 Know then, *Orestes*, *Agamemnon's* Son,
 Who rang'd about the World himself to shun.
 That Noble Relick of thy glorious Race,
 Is by the Priests conducted to this place;
 Crown'd and prepar'd to die, condemn'd by thee.

Iph. My Brother! Heavens!

Cir.

Cir. The wretched Victim see;

The Scene opens to the inward part of the Temple; Orestes is discovered crown'd, as to the Sacrifice; with him Diana's Priests bearing her Images, Pylades, Guards and Attendants.

Weep till thy sorrows drown the World and me.

Iph. Arise! arise you vapours of the Night:
Hide me: alas! I dread that fatal sight.

Ores. My *Iphigenia* in thy breast receive [*Embracing.*
That joyful Soul which will my bosome leave.

Iph. Dear Brother haste! from Death and me escape,
Fly your ill *Genius* in a Sisters shape.

Ores. Ah let me now expire, since I have seen
Her for whose sake I have a Stranger been
To *Greece*, and happy rest, me thinks 'tis sweet,
Though we doe here in Death's sad Region meet.

Iph. Why did I beg of Heav'n to see this hou'r?
Oh! that you had been shipwrack't on our shore;
You have escap'd the dangers of the Sea,
It's Rocks and stormes, to perish here by me.

Ores. Weep not for me, for I deserve no tears;
I have out-liv'd my vertue many years;
'Tis time that I should dye: your sorrow keep
For those whose fall 'tis Piety to weep.
Thank every God that in this distant place
You saw not the misfortunes of our race;
In Death's cold armes our Royal parents lye.

Iph. Of this confus'd reports did hither flye,
And to their sacred shades a Tomb I made,
Where the Oblations to the dead I pay'd.
We must defraud past miseries to pay
The tribute which we owe the present day:
For my dead Parents I can weep no more,
Brother, I must my present loss deplore.

Ores. Do not the dying with such sorrow treat,
For fear the World believe that Life is sweet.

Iph. Cities are form'd for Peace, and civil Rule;
Nature in Deserts keeps a gentler School.
No impious Beast preys there on his own kind:
Tygers the Tygers spare, my rage is blind,

E

All

All things but I her sacred Laws obey ;
 On my own blood my hungry rage does prey ;
 My hand will soon be arm'd against your life,
 Th' officious Priests prepare the fatal Knife.

Oref. Let them come on! but e're to death I go,
 The Will of dying *Agamemnon* know,
 Behold that Prince,

[*Pointing to Pylades.*

Iph. ——— Still be those Eyes acurst!
 'Twas there, alas! my Virtu's shipwrack't first:
 My better *Genius* never ceas'd to sue,
 A thousand other things did plead for you ;
 But from those Eyes Love shot a poyson'd Dart,
 All that was good fled my infected heart ;
 Nature did plead no more, or Love was there.
 So loud, I could no other Suppliant hear,
 I lov'd your Friend.

Oref. ——— Blest be the Pow'rs above,
 Blest be your choice, and ever blest be Love;
 Blind as he is, he did most wisely guide,
 Give me your hand, ——— receive your gentle Bride: [*First to Iph.*
 These Nuptials *Agamemnon* still design'd, [*then to Pyl.*
 And that last bus'ness to my care injoyn'd.

Iph. Ay me, you Gods!

Oref. ——— For ever happy be,
 My Empire, *Pylades*, I leave to thee;
 Blest be thy Councils, at thy Palace Gate
 May Victory with all her Trophies wait.

Cir. Think not of Death, all Nature first shall die,
 And in her primitive confusion lie.

Scene Sixth.

Enter Thoas and Ithacus.

Tho. You must not, *Iphigenia*, weep alone,
 I from the Priests have your sad story known ;
 Let us unite our grief, unhappy Maid!
 By me and Heav'n to a black crime betray'd.

Cir. You cheaply to these Strangers pity give,
 Whom you by solid bounties should relieve.
 My Lord, what led you to this dire mistake?
 Is this, alas! the choice I bade you make?

Tho.

Tho. His sentence now is past, and he must dye,
That other Strangers may your use supply. [*Pointing to Pyl.*

Cir. Alas, he cannot!

Tho. ——— Gods dare you proclaim
To me, and all the World your guilty flame.
Thou lov'st him Queen! This beauteous stranger must
Serve the important bus'ness of thy lust.

Cir. Old men who no strong proofs of Love can show,
Fly to their last reserve, and jealous grow,
As lazy Monarchs, who the main neglect,
Think they are wise enough if they suspect:
We from young Lovers Jealousie may bear;
Those are but *April* storms, 'twill soon be clear:
But can we bear a tempest from the old?
Whose kindest season is too rough and cold.
Recall thy Youth, and then presume to be
Jealous of so Divine a Good as me.

Iph. Ah, my dread Lord! though you deny relief,
Do not refuse this priviledge to grief.

Tho. 'Tis Love's, and my prerogative to sue,

Goes to kneel,

Thoas strives to

Iph. Here I must weep till I have melted you; *take her up.*

But oh! methinks those Eyes do fiercely move,
Not with the soft humility of Love:
Stern Majesty sits like a Tyrant there,
And threatens murder, ruin and despair.

Cir. She needs must vanquish, Love her Standard bears,
And Beauty's wondrous eloquent in tears.

Iph. You in revenge my Brother's fall decree,
'Tis guilt enough to be ally'd to me:
My fatal pride, and my unjust disdain,
Which has beheld you sigh so long in vain,
Deserves a thousand tortures, let 'em come,
I'll humbly on my knees receive my doom;
Yes, let me to those cruel Racks beled,
Where dying Wretches envy all the dead;
Where bloody Tyrants feast their Tyrant death,
Amongst those torments let me yield my breath;
And if those pains too mild and gentle prove,
Bring in the torment of despairing Love:
Call Jealousie, and all that Mortals fear,
Invent a thousand more, and fix 'em here,

But spare my Brother.

Tho. ——— Ah, that pow'r I want!
This is the only thing I cannot grant.

Iph. Nothing, ah! nothing his fierce heart can move,
How false is the Idolatry of Love?
What adoration have you pay'd these Eyes?
You call'd 'em Heav'ns, and yet their tears despise;
I doe conjure you by these tears, by all
That we can tender, brave, or virtuous call,
By your dead Mothers Ghost, some mercy shew.

Tho. I must be cruel; Heav'n's unerring voice
Bade us this day be careful in our choice,
Pronouncing a most dismal fate to all,
Unless that Victim at their Altar fall.

Ith. Let's scorn what e're the Oracle did say,
We should no Diety, but Love obey.

Cir. If he be sav'd the Gods have all decreed
That with the rest my dearest Son must bleed.
But has a Rebel merited that name?

[*Aside.*

Who dares betray his glory and my fame?
My Son! by Heav'n I will disown my blood,
He does degenerate by being good:
My high designs his vertue does defeat;
The vertuous Coward never dares be great.
But can a Mothers Eyes behold him dead?
He is my Son, and in my bosome bred.
Bold Love, against thy Life a Mother arms,
And bids her save that *Grecian* by her charms.

Tho. Double the Guards about the Temple Gate,
And bring the noble Stranger to his fate.

Cir. Compassion, what have I to do with thee?
Trouble the foolish, and the good, not me.
Why do the Gods by halves let us be ill?
Leaving some goodness to afflict us still.

[*Aside.*

Iph. Here I invoke all that the world adores;
Ye Gods of Heav'n, and you Infernal Powers,
Thee, Sacred Image, and my Father's shade,
Come and behold a poor afflicted Maid,
Opprest with crimes, she here devoutly bows,
But scorn her Prayers, be deaf to all her vows,

[*Kneels.*

If she ask ought but death.

Ores. ——— Ah! Sister, live,
Do not the World of all that's good deprive;
Be Virtue's Martyr, should the good, like thee,
All covet Death, who would Examples be?

Iph. The actions of the living never plead,
We envy them, but still respect the Dead:
I'll dye, and will a great Example show
Of what the erring World to Nature owe:
Yes, I will leave this World, where Innocence
Cannot be safe, much less be a defence.

But what's that lasting home we strive to reach,
Which our Religious Guides so darkly preach? [*To Pyl.*

Pyl. Heav'n is a place where all are fair like you,
All sigh for Love, the Lovers all are true.

Tho. Go seek a shade dark as the Grave, and there
Weep while this Tragick Pomp is acting here. [*Guards force away Iph.*

Ores. Renown and Arms farewell; come, Priests draw near,
Prepare the Sacred Knife and fix it here.

Cir. Have you no mercy, Sir?

Tho. ——— My anger fly,
Dare but weep and both of you shall dye.

Cir. His Eyes must be eclips'd, his charming Eyes:

Yes, my faint heart, thy Sacred Idol dyes.
Love, thou can'st make all Nature bold but me,
What did the great *Medea* doe for thee?

She lost her Father, young *Absyrtus* flew,
And with bold *Jason* from her Country flew.

I love as strongly as *Medea* cou'd,
And am as skilful in the trade of blood;

If any kindness of the Mother rest,
It shall be quickly banisht from my breast.

Let lust, and rage, humanity succeed,
Rather than thee all humane kind shall bleed.

Inspirers, and performers of each ill!

Infernal Pow'rs! be ready to my will;

I will the life of my *Orestes* save,

Or bury him and Nature in one Grave. [*Exit Circe.*

Orestes

Orestes goes up the Altar with Pylades. There is an entry of Priests.

SONG.

By the Priests.

I.

O H! Heav'nly Virgin! from thy Starry Throne,
Look down on Scythia, thy most holy Seat!
Our Arms, with Victory, and Trophies, crown,
'Tis easie to be Good, when we are Great.

I I.

'Tis just Mankind should at thy Altar bleed,
Who thy small Empire, Chastity, invade,
Whatever happy Lover does succeed,
From chaste Diana's Province steals a Maid.

Song again.

O cheated Mortals! what has Life of sweet?
Who is contented with the present day,
Our present joy is a vain hope we may,
From the next hour, some ease and pleasure meet.

That Courtier, Life, does feed

Poor Mortals with a hope they shall succeed.
We will be wise, and dye, prepare the sacred Knife,
Farewel! farewel! thou valued trifle, Life.

Chorus of Priests.

Wound, wound the Victim, pierce his Sacred Breast,
And give his lab'ring Soul eternal rest.
Wound, wound, &c.

} A Dance of
Combatants.

[It Thunders.

§ As they go to kill Orestes, two Dragons rise out of the Earth, and
bear him away; Circe appears in a Chariot drawn by Dragons.

Tho. This is the Queen, oh! let me reach her heart,
E're She delude our Anger by her art.
How feeble is thy rage! I am above
All hurts, but those which I receive from Love.

Tho. I'll find thee Sorcerers, though thou fly'st to Hell,
Though you should both, with death and darkness dwell.

Cir. No Kings do ever at bold ills connive,
And what they dare not punish they forgive.

He

I'll fly to my enchanted Palace, where
I'll lose no bliss, for any thought of fear. [Flies away.

Tho. You Gods revenge me, Clouds swell big and break,
Why does not Heav'n in it's loud Thunder speak?
Meet her you Light'nings, in her Magick flight;
But Heav'n denies to do the injur'd right;
My swelling rage, in privacy I'll shrowd,
And not un-King my self before the Crowd. [Exeunt omnes.

A C T IV.

Scene, *Circe's* Incharnted Palace, with a beautiful Garden,
in the middle is seen the Hill *Parnassus*, on which *Orpheus*
is discovered playing on his Lute, while *Orestes*
is sleeping on a Bed of Flowers, with *Circe's* Women
singing about him.

S O N G.

Sung by *Circe's* Women.

I.

Sigh Lovers, sigh!
The God of Love inspires
Kind gentle thoughts, and warm desires,
See! the Winds blow, the Flowers move
'Tis Nature that does sigh for Love.

II.

Hark! hark! the Birds!
Alas, they do not sing
To welcome in the beauteous Spring,
But in their untaught Notes complain
Of Love, our Universal pain.

Oref. The dreams of Trophies, and victorious Armes,
Of future Fame, have not such pleasing charmes. [Waking
Why did you, Sacred Quire, the happy wake?
This gentle sleep let me for ever take.

How

How was I from the fatal Altar caught,
 And by what Magick was I hither brought?
 This is the Region of the Spring, and here
 It forms the beauties of a kindly year;
 Sure I am dead, and these delicious things
 Are the divine rewards which Virtue brings:
 In the cool shades of this eternal Grove
 The Hero rests from all the paines of Love.

Scene Second.

Enter Circe.

Cir. The sweets of youth, and ever blooming Spring,
 The joys of Plenty, Peace and Health I bring;
 For Love, and all his soft delights prepare;
 Be kind as unexperienc'd Virgins are.

Orest. Sure I have seen before that lovely Face,
 Bright fair! are you the Goddess of this place?
 Or some dead Lover doom'd to wander here,
 For Deaths calm Mansion these fresh shades appear.

Cir. I am a Mortal by the Pow'rs above,
 Plac'd here to teach the gentle arts of Love.

Orest. That Tyrant needs to chuse no other Eyes,
 When he would triumph o're the brave and wise.
 She's killing fair.

Cir. ————— Hero! I come to blame
 Thy wild ambition, and thy thirst of fame;
 Nature did Youth for softer things design,
 For love and pleasures, and in Courts to shine.
 Your Warlike Trumpets still so loud have blown,
 The gentle voice of Love was heard by none.
 Fold up your En'igns, rest from toiles of War;
 Come slumber in the bosome of the fair.

Orest. But must not Youth aspire to that renown,
 With which the War does daring Valour crown?

Cir. Young Souldier! go, o're-run the World with War,
 Seek ev'ry place where Death and dangers are;
 A brave Destroyer you at last return,
 Whose fatal courage makes whole Empires mourn.

Orest. What Sacred Pow'rs this tenderness inspire?
 Kind amorous thoughts damp all my Warlike fire.

Cir.

Cir. Beauty ador'd with all it's arts to please
Little complaints, and tender jealousies,
Prepares, Heroick Youth, delights for thee,
Sweeter than Triumph after Victorie.

Ores. In what vain Mists all the Ambitious move!
There is not any Solid good, but Love.

Cir Can all the Laurels of a bloody Field,
Such pleasures as a snowy bosome yield.
Behold a Melting faire with dying Eyes,
Who sighs, and pants, whose Breasts doe gently rise;
With open armes, that Spoyler, Love does meet,
And bids him boldly rifle every sweet. [Embracing Orestes]

S O N G.

By Circe's Women.

I.

Young Phaon strove the blifs to taste,
But Sappho still deny'd,
He struggled long, the Youth at last
Lay panting by her side.

II.

Useless he lay, Love would not wait
Till they could both agree,
They idly languish't in debate,
When they should active be.

III.

Atlast come ruin me she cry'de
And then there fell a Tear,
I le in thy Breast my blushes hide,
Doe all that Virgins fear.

IV.

Oh! that Age could Lov'es rites perform
We make old men obey,
They court us long, Youth does but storm,
And Plunder and away.

F

Ores.

Oref. How fast I languish! and how soon I love!
 More swiftly than Youths common pace I move.
 Armies when they begin to disobey,
 And fearful grow, melt not so fast away }
 Before the Foe that pushes on the day. }

Cir. We should improve what does so little last,
 We flow (alas) but late, and ebb too fast.

Orpheus sings.

Give me my Lute, in thee some ease I find,
 Euridice is dead
 And to that dismal Country fled
 Where all is sad, and gloomy, as my mind.

II.

The world has nothing worth a Lovers care,
 None now by Rivers weep:
 Verse, and the Lute are both asleep;
 All women now are false, and few are faire.

III.

Thy Scepter, Love, shall ore' the Aged be;
 Lay by thy useles Darts,
 For all our Youth will guard their hearts,
 And Scorne thy fading Empire taught by me.

IV.

Beauty the Thracian Youth no more shall move,
 Now they shall sigh no more,
 But all my noble Verse adore,
 It has more graces than the Queen of Love.

A soft Symphony.

The Heavens open, Cupid descends upon Parnassus, and sings.

Cup. **H**ow dull is all the world! that none should move,
 In the cause of injur'd Love,
 The bad are safe, Heav'n's idle Thunder teares
 Mountains, but the guilty spares.

Mortal

Mortal our holy Altars then shall be!
 Ever thus profan'd by thee.
 If Poets beauties faithful Train rebel,
 Vows, and incense, all farwell.
 How can thy noble Art ungratefull prove,
 Fed by beauty and by Love?
 Hark, hark! these Bells and Berecinthian Pipes declare
 That Thrace a Feast to Bacchus does prepare;
 The raging Bacchanals his rites fulfil,
 They shall revenge me, and the Rebel kill.

[Enter Bacchanals.

Song by the Bacchanals.

F Ill all the Bowls with Sprightly Wine,
 And let the women drink.
 Men visit now, are very fine
 Talk much and never think.
 Sure these follies our sex might claime as their due
 Since mankind incroaches
 On our small Debauches,
 New manly delights let the women pursue.
 This comfort poor enfolded Ladies did find,
 To drown in full Bowles,
 The cares of their Souls,
 When the husband is false and the Gallant unkind.

Chorus. In empty Beds we absent Lovers mourn,
 There sits the man that does our Empire scorn:
 He makes the Thracian Youth despise
 Warm swelling Breasts and dyeing Eyes.
 Make ready your Darts, and valiantly fling,
 Let him dye, to his groans w'el dance and w'el sing.

They fling their darts at Orpheus, who falls dead, they dance,
 then the Mountain disappears.

Ores. Armes, and all warlike toile forgotten be,
 Thou soft inchanter, Love, I'll follow thee;
 Let my luxurious Eyes survey each Grace,
 Devour the luscious beauties of this face, [Looking on her eagerly.
 F 2 Which

Which warm my blood more than the Trumpets sound,
And deeper far than Warrs fierce Engins wound.

Cir. Officious Love shall strew us Beds of Flowers,
On which w'e'l sport away our golden hours;
There let us still with fresh desire pursue,
Whatever Youth performs, and Age would do;
And when we panting ly new breath to take,
Musick, Love's Trumpet, shall our Courage wake.

Oref. Behold the Birds vanquish'd with fierce desire
To unfrequented shades, in pairs retire:
See how they melt, whilst Youth renews with haste
The Banquet, greedy Love, devoures so fast:
Shall we less eagerly to pleasures run?
Ah! pity me, Our Eyes enough have done.

Cir. But will you still be true? and cast away
Those other Idols you did once obey?

Oref. You shall my heart without a Rival hold,
And I will be more constant than the old.

Cir. To some dark Grotto let us then repair,
Love and my blushes fear the open Air.

Scene Third.

It Thunders.

Enter a Spirit.

Spir. Guard you the ever gentle God of Love;
The King assisted by the pow'rs above,
Aided by *Vesta*, has dissolv'd your charms,
And comes to force you from your Lovers arms.
Fiercer than Thunder is his jealous rage,
Your life alone his fury can assuage.
Fled are those Phantoms, which by your command,
In dreadful shapes, did at the Entrance stand.
Fly, *Circe*, fly! nor is your Palace now
By Mists and Clouds, conceal'd from humane view;
They all are vanish't, a disorder'd pace
Will bring him soon to this unguarded place.

Cir. In vain the Tyrant does my life pursue,
He cannot wound my bosome but in you,

Oref.

Oref. From your Sweet breast all sence of fear remove,
Let naught inhabit there, but joy and Love.

This Sword I but for your protection wear, [Draws]

How weak whole Armies of the jealous are?

Compar'd to Lovers when they beauty guard.

Cir. This tenderness alas! excuse in me
I dare not let you fight for victorie.

My Dear, within this secret Covert stay, { Goes to put him in
Till I have talk'd the Tyrants rage away. { an Arbor.

Oref. Love be no more the passion of great minds,
Beauty does counsel Valour to retreat;
Should all the Universe my fall conspire,
I might be vanquish't, but could n'ere retire

Cir. Useless, alas, will all your courage prove,
Flie! I conjure you by the charms of Love;
The King approaches, can you disobey?
Spirits ascend! and force him then away!

[Spirits appear, who force Orestes into the Arbor.
From banefull Weeds gather the falling Dew; [To the Spirits.
My charmes are finisht which I must renew.

Circe, this day for mighty ills prepare,
Be bold as man, cruel as Women are.

Scene Fourth.

Enter Thoas, his Sword drawn, Guards.

Tho. Where have you plac'd this Lover by your charms?
Or is he quite dissolv'd within your Arms?
Tremble, your fate is written in my brow,
And Hell refuses to protect you now:
Prepare a Thousand torments to receive,
More Hells than jealousy, or conscience give.

Cir. Kill me, if you grow weary of the Throne
Or, like a deity, can rule alone;
Who but the mighty *Circe* can oppose
A rapid torrent of invading Foes?
Your Coward States-men do all danger shun,
And from the Empir's Helm in tempests run:

Their

Their counsels Senates too so long protract,
 The young and valiant have no time to act;
 Steady in Councils I alone can be,
 Am quick to act, but quicker to foresee;
 Kill the Protect'ers of your Life and State;
 I fear not, and, perhaps, deserve my Fate.

Tho. I must this Victim to my honour make,
 Though I my Throne, and all the Empire shake.

Cir. But will the Senate your revenge allow?
 To those advising Tyrants you must bow.
 They, like the crowd, are manag'd by the wise;
 Back'd with their Factions, I thy rage despise.

Tho. I have no rage, your Eyes about 'em bear
 Such pow'rfull Guards, you need no danger fear.
 Your Crimes——

Would weary a forgiving God, but you
 Can all my anger with a look subdue.
 Now you my weakness, and your Empire know,
 Brave all my rage, and still more guilty grow.
 Injure your King, but not what we adore,
Orestes to the Sacrifice restore.

Cir. Those servile Flatterers who to Thrones resort,
 To catch at empty bounties of a Court,
 Are less the Slaves to interest and Gain,
 Fawn, and dissemble less than you who reign.
 Leave to your guilty Ministers of State,
 That servile cunning to dissemble hate;
 As boldly as a God revenge pursue,
 In that revenge be as impartial too.

Tho. No, no, false Queen, I own your Eyes have charms
 That soften all my rage, and blunt its Arms,
 Though than the Wind you more unconstant are,
 Though you'r unkind, and false, you still are fair.

Cir. How weak your passion is? how rash your fears?
 My Lord, I am not false, believe these Tears.
 I can, (though you are Criminal) appear
 Spotless as first created Angels were.
 I saw you did to *Iphigenia* give
 The Tribute which my Beauty should receive,

And

And then would punish you by Jealousie,
For all the Tempests you had rais'd in me;
And did preserve the Grecian Prince by Charms,
Not to have Him, but You within my Arms.

Tho. We think it merit blindly to believe
Those pious falsehoods we from Priest receive.
Faith is Religions happy Lethargy,
The doubting Wise we brand with Heresie;
Husbands should more than the Religious strive,
Blindly to trust, and blindly to believe.
Be false till you have weary'd Humane kind,
I'll think you true, and still be safely blind.

Cir. If you an humble sufferer are grown,
I all my Love and Innocence disown.
The impotent and jealous I prefer
To the insipid Husband that can bear;
That blood injurious to your honour spill,
If you believe her false, your *Circe* kill;
But witness chaster Pow'rs! I am not so,
I could not bad by your example grow.

Tho. How blindly we believe when Beauty pleads,
Which to its snares the rough and cautious leads.
To his just Fate the *Grecian* Prince restore;
You shall be true, for I'll suspect no more.

Cir. My Lord, I will, and the next rising Sun
Shall see that Sacrifice of horror done:
Oh Sacred Bow'r! unfold thy leafie Arms,
And be no more protected by my Charms.

*The Bower opens, Orestes comes out, who is
seiz'd by the Guards.*

Tho. Go lead the guilty Traytor to his Fate, [To the Guards.
But e're you give the blow my signal wait; [Orest. is led out.
Empire has taught me many Arts, but you
Have polish't what the Throne but roughly drew;
Falsely than Cowards when for life they sue.
I'm false as Beauties snares, as false as you.
Where is your boasted Art whom smiles deceive?
The wise and guilty never should believe.

From

From Love, at least, you might have learn't the art
To have preserv'd that Idol of your Heart;
Under the Wings of Love he safely lay,
Revel'd all night, and sported all the day,
But now lyes naked to each stormy Wind,
Of which Ten Thousand wrack the jealous mind.

Cir. This noble jealousy for ever show,
It stirs Love's dying Embers till they glow;
Love would without it dull, and lazy grow,
As Churches, whom no Hereticks oppose,
Rust into ignorance for want of Foes.

The Region of your Bosome pleases me,
Though rough, and stormy, like the North it be.

Tho. Damn your false smiles! I'll from their poison flye;
Under those Flow'rs, Adders and Scorpions lie.
What kindness in my Bosome can there be,
For such an open Prostitute as Thee?

Cir. Alas! you men are artful to deceive:
And our weak sex is easie to believe
The instruments of your tyrannick Pow'r,
Possess him now, what would your fury more?

Tho. His blood, his blood! triumph my Fury! now,
Exalt with joy thy bold victorious brow;
And, by the Gods! he shall not fall alone,
You shall for all your mighty ills atone.
Death does not deal with more of humane kind,
You kiss' and breath no more th'n ev'ry Wind.
Your Charms and Persons lay whole Kingdoms waste,
New Autumn Plagues do not destroy so fast.
Come every Ghost! whose bloods for vengeance call,
My murder'd Honour, see thy Victim fall!

Cir. Nay then 'tis time to throw off all disguise,
Thy pointless Rage, weak Monarch, I despise.
Know that I yet have Magick spells, which you,
With all the force of Heav'n, shall ne're undo.
I saw thy arts, and did the Prince restore,
To mock thy anger, and torment thee more.

Tho. Oh Insolence! my Guards, where are you? flie!
Bring back the Stranger, she shall see him dye. [*Exeunt Guards.*]

CIRCE.

41

Cir. How like the Love of thy declining age!
How boasting! but how feeble is thy rage?
Prince without Pow'r! go languish in despair,
Ridden by all——

Thy Favourites, and impos'd on by the fair,
Brav'd by the guilty, all my Crimes I owne;
He shall succeed thee in my Bed, and Throne:
Thou shalt by Treasons fall.

*Enter Guards
with Orestes.*

Tho. —— ——— Furies ascend!
And to my rage your flames and Scorpions lend.

Cir. Appear all my infernal Guards! appear!
And let no mortal Pow'r invade us here.

*It Thunders, her
Spirits appear.*

Tho. Die, die! Adulterer! to torments go,
See if these Treasons you can act below. *[Offers to kill Orestes.]*

SCENE Fifth.

*Enter Ithacus, who thrusts himself before the
King just as he has reach'd Orestes.*

*Thunder and
Spirits.*

Ith. Hold, *Thoas*, hold! let not your Sword destroy
All that the World should covet to enjoy.
Mankind, and Heav'n this Bosome must defend,
Your Daughter's Life does on his Fate depend:
Divine *Osmida* is a Captive made
To the fierce *Greeks*, and their revenge betray'd;
They trac'd her to that solitude, where she
Sought peaceful hou'rs, from noise and greatness free;
Her Guards were few, and those but slightly arm'd;
They yielded soon, and soon the Town alarm'd:
With all the Wings of gratitude I flew,
And from the Cittadel your Forces drew.
But Oh too late, e're I could reach the shore;
The Royal Virgin to their Fleet they bore.

SCENE Sixth.

To them Iphigenia and Pylades.

Iph. Heav'n does Force and Tyranny declare,
Against poor Virtue, making open War.

G

Die,

Die, Princess! Or *Osmida's* death prevent.
 Brother! Your *Grecians* have a Herald sent; [To *Ores.*
 Who from his Bark, to the expecting Crowd
 These words of horror did pronounce aloud:
 Know cruel *Scythians*, if our Prince must bleed,
 A black Revenge the *Grecians* have decreed.
 To our sad Country we at least will boast,
 To have appeas'd her murder'd Hero's Ghost.
 This said, he hastily forsook the shore:
 The Princess all with silent grief deplore.

Ores. Have I not taught that Love is our reward,
 And that all Warriours are but Beauties Guard:
 Go chide their impious rage, and bid 'em be
 Careful of their renown, and not of me:
 Bid 'em the Princess to this place convey,
 But at her feet first weep their crime away.

SCENE Seventh.

To them a Priest:

Priest. *Thoas*! your Daughter will not fall alone,
 The rapid Storm threatens your Life and Throne.
 Haste! haste! the *Grecian* Captives to restore;
 Their Warlike Troops cover our frighted shore;
 The Crowd, to whom long Pow'r does hateful grow;
 Fly your soft Yoak, revolting to the Foe. [Shouts of Soldiers.
 Ah save your self! hither the torrent flows,
 O'rethrowing all, and gathering as it goes.

The King stands fixt in a Melancholy Posture.

Cir. Hah! motionless, as Death! as silent too!
 Rouze thy faint Spirits, th' *Enemie's* in view.
 See! a cold fear sits trembling in his Eyes:
 You'r brave in peace, and after danger wise,
 Stout against Innocence. Your anger show
 In its most dreadful shape before the Foe.
 Dead, dead with fear, come, humbly creep to me,
 I must the Guardian of your Empire be.

Tho. Let me be wafted to that happy Shore,
 Where cares for Empire vex the mind no more,
 Noise.

Noiseless, as Planets, there we move in peace,
The pains of wounded Honour there shall cease.
In storms of Jealousie we are not tost,
No Empire there, no Daughter can be lost.

Ith. He needs must sink beneath this mighty weight;
Pity a King at the last Ebb of Fate. [To Circe.

Swiftly my Tears, as his Misfortunes, flow,
Some grief to Tyrants, in distress we owe; [Weeps.
Apply soft cures to his afflicted mind;
Gentler than Heav'n's, let him your anger find.

Priest. Unless the Gods a Kingdom do unite,
In vain the wise consult, and valiant fight.
While these sad discords do her Entrails tear,
A Foreign Yoke poor *Scythia* needs must bear.

Ith. Madam, Will you behold your Countrey fall?
To you, our Gods, and we, for succour call,
Our Gods, and us, the *Grecians* Captive make;
Rash and luxurious Princes cannot shake
A Throne so much, but you can fix it strait;
Forgive the King, pity the sinking State.

Cir. I am your Heav'n when you your safety doubt,
And your afflictions make you all devout.
His Freedom, let the *Grecian* Prince receive,
The rest to Fate, and my wise conduct leave.

Tho. Curse on thy Arts! and doubly curs'd he be,
Who first debas'd the World to Policie;
Revenge, the Gods do not the Beasts deny,
Tigers, and Wolves, are greater Kings than I.
Go to his *Gracians*, let the Prince be led,
I will go find some ease among the dead. [Exit Thoas.

SCENE Eighth.

Guards go to lead off Orestes, Circe stops him.

Cir. My Dear, I must accuse your guilty haste,
Love to enjoyment does not fly so fast.
No Sigh, no Tear, not any tender word,
Not one kind look at parting you afford.

Ores. I dare not look, such weakness I betray,
At every killing glance I melt away:

Ill-natur'd Wisdom proudly sits above,
 And censures all the tenderness of Love.
 In secret I can weep and sigh aloud,
 And be of all Love's little follies proud,
 But would not shew my weakness to the Crowd.

Cir. The censures of the Envious World despise,
 It is beneath a Lover to be wise.

Ores. Let us our selves in some vast Desert hide,
 Where Love shall triumph over all my Pride.
 There I'll chastise each glorious manly thought,
 Naked, and bound they shall to Love be brought.

Cir. No, in that Desert I alone must mourn.
 For you are going, and will ne're return.
 To the embraces of some other fly,
 I never will complain, but gently dy.

Ores. Here I can stay and at your feet expire,
 But my fierce Souldiers carry Sword and fire.
 To all your Cities, by their fury lead,
 And Desolation through your Empire spread.

Cir. Go calm their rage ——— [Weeps.]
 There's an ill bodeing Omen in my Tears,
 Love has a Thousand vain and idle fears.
 Like little States-men ever-troublesome,
 Uneasie, and suspecting all to come.
 When you your Ships and Warlike *Gracians* see,
 Alas, you will no more remember me.
 Oh hear not Fame nor your Ambition plead,
 Perhaps they would again your Youth mislead.
 You are Love's Convert now, and must be good,
 Taste soft delights, and thirst no more for blood.

Ores. I'll rest from War, but sometimes we must fight
 To purchase ease, and to secure delight;
 A flying Camp must hover still, about
 Where Lovers dwell, to keep the jealous out.
 When Nature is wound up.
 Expecting Bliss none should her hopes destroy,
 Fierce torments follow interrupted Joy.

Cir. Fear not the Jealous, you will be secure
 From forreign Foes, if all at home be sure.
 Be you but faithful still, and trust my care;
 I will an undisturb'd retreat prepare.

Of purer Clouds Love shall a Palace build,
Which the bright Sun with Morning Beams shall guild
About it Groves, where Nature shall be seen
Still charg'd with Sweets, and ever drest in Green;
There we'll taste silent Joys and calm delight. [*Shouting within.*

Ores. Farewel, alas I must no longer stay,
The Tyrant bus'ness hastens me away [*Circe weeps.*
Who linger still behind, ah do not mourn,
I'll take the Wings of Love and strait return.

Cir. Alas you will not.

Ores. By those Eyes I will.

Cir. A Thousand tender fears afflict me still,
Ruine and Death the fullen Starrs foretell,
And this appears to be a last farwell.
Your *Greeks* will force you from the *Scythian* Shore,
And I shall never, never see you more.

But fear no storms, for though you prove unkind,
And leave sad me to languish here behind,
I'll court the Seas, and flatter ev'ry Wind.

To the Sea Gods I will devoutly pray,
That to safe Ports they may your Fleet convey
To flowry Coasts, where you shall happy be,
Unless sometimes you sigh and mourn for me. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT Fifth.

SCENE, *Some publick Place of the City.*

Circes Four Maids.

1 *Maid.* **T**He Moon and Stars give but a sickly light.

2 *Ma.* **B**irds of ill Omen hither make their flight.

3 *Ma.* Much blood the fiery Queen designs to shed.

4 *Ma.* *Orestes* from her lustful arms is fled.

1 *Ma.* Her bright allurements did his Youth betray.

2 *Ma.* Careless in her enchanted Groves he lay.

3 *Ma.* From thence his *Gracians* did their Leaders force.

4 *Ma.* And now they all to *Argos* steer their Course.

1 *Ma.*

- 1 *Ma.* She with the Ocean and the Winds does treat.
 2 *Ma.* To raise up storms and wrack the *Græcian* Fleet.
 3 *Ma.* Where e're she moves, infectious vapours rise.
 4 *Ma.* She breaths destruction blasting with her Eyes.

Scene Second, *Enter* Circe.

Cir. He's gone, he's gone! See with what sullen pride
 His mighty Ships on the smooth Ocean ride:
 The quiet Waves an awful silence keep;
 The dreadful Winds in their deep Caverns sleep:
 All crimes are safe, how calm the Seas appear:
 And yet there is a perjur'd Lover there:
 False Men come learn of the unconstant Wind:
 Learn of the Seas, nay learn of Woman kind;
 We and the Winds can boast that we are true:
 Fix'd as the Poles compar'd to faithless You.

- 1 *Ma.* She to eternal ruine sinks apace;
 2 *Ma.* We shall this day with mighty mischiefs grace:
 3 *Ma.* End, end as nobly as thou hast begun:
 4 *Ma.* Things of deep horror shall this night be done.

Cir. Sink him ye Winds, his Ships ye Lightning burn;
Orestes, my *Orestes*, ah return!
 Ruin! Eternal plagues I love him yet.
 Repent a little, I can all forget.
 Why do I speak to him that cannot hear,
 Nor will the Winds my sorrows to him bear:
 Cruel *Orestes* whither dost thou flie?
 False Man return, stay, stay, and see me die.

- 1 *Maid.* Do not th' infernal Powr's your quarrel own.
 2 *Ma.* Think you their malice is unactive grown.
 3 *Ma.* Dread Queen, what vengeance are you pleas'd to take.
 4 *Ma.* Speak, and the frighted Universe shall shake.
All. Speak, and the frighted Universe shall shake.

Cir. I can no more my Spells or Magick boast,
 My mistick Druggs have all their vertue lost:
 I see the Gods have now decreed my fall;
 I am forsaken and betray'd by all:
 Ev'n my own Son was wounded at the Head
 Of Troops which he against his Country led.

The Rebel on the adverse side did fight,
Ayding that faithless *Gracian* in his flight.

Scene Third.

*Enter Ithacus brought in wounded with several
Souldiers.*

1 *Ma.* Here he is come your pardon to intreat.

2 *Ma.* And then expire contented at your feet.

Cir. Ah why must I that fatal object see!

I have no leisure now to weep for thee.

Ith. Forgive me, Madam, that my Sword I drew
To fight for them, who were condemn'd by you:

But all that I have done was in defence,

Of Virtue and afflicted Innocence.

Her fears did wretched *Iphigenia* bring

To me for ayd. against the lustful King.

The bloody Tyrant had design'd that she

The Victim to his dire revenge should be:

His boasting rage proclaim'd th'intended Rape,

Then I did fight to purchase her escape.

Cir. Afflicted Beauty, you did bravely aid,

But by your vertue we are all betrayd.

That Traytor help'd his Enemies, and you,

By your base Cowardise betray'd me too.

Which of you all Renown with danger fought,

Like gawdy Warriours of the Court you fought:

We all are ruin'd by your base retreat;

The death you fear'd you shall in torments meet,

And Rebel I will smile to see thee bleed.

May'st thou thenceforth only the Faction lead,

And may thy Councils ever be betray'd;

Give still good Orders, and be ne're obey'd.

And in thy age ———

May all the Laurels thou hast toyl'd for long,

Be ravish'd from thee to adorn the young.

Ith. Death, death has blasted all my Lawrels now,

And they begin to wither on my Brow.

Victorious Death seises on every part,

Weak Nature flies for refuge to the Heart,

} *Turning to the
Souldiers.*

The

The Spirits there a while maintain the Field,
Struggle a little, but at last must yield. *[Faints away.]*

Cir. Oh, stay brave Youth ! See how my anger dies,
And Nature is triumphant in my Eyes : *[Weeps.]*

Alas ! he's gone ———

He set out early, and did nobly run

Honour's great Race, Oh ! that the World were done :

My Magick prospers, heark ! the Heav'n's perform *{ Storm within,*
A dreadful Justice, *Grecian,* dread this Storm ; *{ Thunder, &c.*

Tremble to hear the angry Billows rore ;

Revenge and Death attend thee on the Shore. *[To one of the Nymphs.]*

Flie to *Orestes*, mount the swiftest Wind,

With frenzy and wild rage infect his mind :

Torment him still afresh ——— *[Thunder again.]*

Work on my charms, let's to my Cave retire,

And there against the World and Man conspire. *{ Exeunt Circe.*
{ and the Maids.

SCENE Fourth.

Enter Osmidia, led in by two Women.

Osmd. Do we then all a fruitless homage pay ?

Heav'n will not hear a harmless Virgin pray.

There was no Saint among the blest above,

Whom in thy cause I did not hourly move.

I hop'd the Idol of my heart to see,

And mov'd the *Greeks* by Tears to set me free :

From them and Death how gladly did I fly ?

But I must here do something more than dye.

His Eyes are shut by Death's Eternal sleep.

Wake ! wake to see wretched *Osmidia* weep.

Ah let thy Soul but one short moment stay,

I have a Thousand tender things to say. *[Ithacus revives.]*

Ith. My Soul has been through many wonders lead ;

Who is so envious to disturb the dead ?

Who art thou ?

Osmd. ——— One long tost in storms of Love,

But to Death's quiet home at last I move.

Ith. *Osmidia* here she some good Angel seems

Waiting about me with Celestial Dreams ;

Such

Such and so fair as you from Heav'n descend,
And on the thoughts of dying Saints attend,
Peace and Forgiveness in their looks they bring,
And round their dwellings Hymns of triumph sing.

Osm. No, no, I come like a Religious Spie
To dive into your thoughts before you die.

When Death approaches, men begin to fear,
And will the preaching of Religion hear:

Come, your vain Idol you must cast away,

To me and Truth your last devotion pay:

On faithless *Iphigenia* think no more,

Ith. With how unkind a haste she left the shore
Flying, unhappy Me, she sigh'd indeed,

And wept a little when she saw me bleed.

Osm. How ill is all my tenderness repaid;
Your dying thoughts court that ungrateful Maid;

Forgetting wretched me, is nothing due

To one who kindly comes to die with you.

Ith. Oh fair *Osmida* here I humbly own

Your goodness is at last victorious grown.

If Nature could my lease of Breath renew,

I would imploy it all in sighs for you.

All my devotion has till now bin blind:

In you Love's true Divinity I find.

Osm. Now you are kind, nor have I vainly pray'd;

All my past miseries are more than payd,

And I am happy, Lovers think they gain,

To have an hour of Joy for years of pain.

We have no need of life, come let us go,

And seek the melancholy shades below:

Here cruel discord, noise, and bus'ness reign;

Poor Lovers have no leisure to complain,

No time to sigh; wee'll choose some silent Grove,

There tell sad Tales of unsuccessful Love:

But, oh! amongst those Stories there is none

Will prove so full of sorrow as our own.

Ith. A long farewell, oh may you freshly bloom,

When I shall lie and wither in the Tomb.

I hope the blood in chace of Glory shed,

Will rest and never plead against the dead.

H

[Dies.

Osm.

Os. Who shall be mourners, when such Virtue dyes,
 I cannot weep, for Love has drain'd my Eyes.
 I need no Poyson, nor no Sword, for Grief,
 To all my pains has brought a kind relief.
 Death's leaden hand about my heart I feel,
 From these pale Lips some kisses I will steal;
 For Death is silent, and the Theft will hide:
 I courted Heav'n with Pray'rs to be thy Bride,
 And so I am, the Tomb's our Bridal Bed;
 Our Nuptial Feast wee keep among the dead. [Osvida dies.]

SCENE Fifth.

Enter the Four Maids.

1 *Ma.* Sure now the World will be afraid of light;
 And wish to mourn in everlasting Night:
 Dire things are done, the *Gracian* Fleet is lost,
 Shipwrack't by Magick on the *Scythian* Coast.

2 *Ma.* Revenge and Love the lustful Queen divide;
 Her tender thoughts she strives in vain to hide:
 Amid'st her rage, revenge and melting tears,
 In all his Spoiles triumphant Love appears.

3 *Ma.* Yet her great Mind does for revenge prepare;
 Here we must wait, her charms have seiz'd the aire,
 Their force *Orestes* does already find,
 Hither he moves, mad as the Northern Wind.

SCENE Sixth.

Enter Orestes mad.

[Storm here.]

Ores. By Heav'n my Prayers shall ne're this storm appease,
 Fight, fight ye Clouds against the foaming Seas. } *Storm and*
 Blow on, blow on, why should the senseless Wind, } *Lightning.*
 Or the Wilde Ocean be to Vertue kind, } *The Cave of the God of*
 Whom many rougher Storms at Land pursue, } *sleep arises with him,*
 Where she, alas, is without shelter too. } *Phobator and Mor-*
 Be loud thou Tempest and disturb the deep, } *pheus.*
 I will be calm as Infants when they sleep. } [Loud storm.
 [Sits down.]

1 *Ma.* Begin the deadly charm, so Planets move. } *They walk round*
 2 *Ma.* And thus the ill events conspire above. } *Orestes.*

3 *Ma.*

C I R C E.

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- 3 *Ma.* Prayr's and odd Numbers words of Mystick sound,
 4 *Ma.* Devoutly we pronounce, and walk around.
All. Ascend, ascend, ascend! thou God of sleep,
 1 *Ma.* Thy leaden Wand in juice of Poppy steep.
 2 *Ma.* Bring slumber from those little quiet Cells,
 Where lazy Vertue in retirement dwells,
 Shunning the cares of Courts.
 4 *Ma.* ———— And in thy Train,
 1 *Ma.* Bring the Phantastick off-springs of the Brain.
 2 *Ma.* Dreams of all sorts.
 1 *Ma.* ———— Some in a pleasing Dress.
 3 *Ma.* Such as glad Lovers full of hope possess. *{The pleasant*
 4 *Ma.* Some dreadful, such as to the guilty come *{Dreams rises.*
 And tell sad Stories of their future doome.

God of Sleep Sings.

THe Noise of humane life forsake,
 Where Love and Bus'ness keep the World awake,
 Some quiet Mansion seek,
 Where Fame's loud call shall not our slumbers break.
 But happy Ignorance upon thy careless breast
 Methinks we take the gentlest rest.

Chorus. Sleep, sleep! within a drowsie Cave,
 Dark, dark, and silent as the Grave.

[Dance.

*Phanfy enters with the pleasant Dreams, Phanfy Dances, the pleasant
 Dreames sing and dance an Entry to the Song, to which Musick
 there is an Eccho in the Clouds. Three Spirits reply
 to the Dancers below.*

Song for the Dreames.

MAids in Wishes stretch and pant;
 Wives the Nightly blessing want.

Chorus. Careful Love their torment sees,
 Sends e'm Dreams, and they have ease.

*Women can be chaste in spite.
 Gallants must retire to Night.*

Chor. Careful Love, &c.

H 2

As

*As Morpheus sings the Two first lines, the Scene changes
into a place of Horror.*

Phobetor Sings.

B*Egone fair Visions, to the Court remove.
Whose bus'ness is to dream of Love;
And you black terrors of the Night appear;
You wilde Creations of our Wilder fear;
You dismal Visions that on guilt attend.
Furies and Fiends from Hell ascend;
Religion finds you better far than Law,
To rule Mankind and keep the World in awe:
Oh horror, horror from Death's gloomy shade,
Arise, arise! the frightened World invade.*

*An Entry of the frightful Dreames, Clytimnestra's
Ghost ascends.*

Gho. Awake, awake, thy Mother's Ghost is come,
From Death's abode, her Urn, and quiet Tomb;
To visit Nature, holy things I shun,
And haunt the Dreames of my inhuman Son.
Thy Sword did send me to Eternal Night;
My angry Ghost shall still thy slumbers fright;
Now humane kind in sleep their cares forsake,
Even Guilt it self some little rest does take, }
And none but the revengeful are awake. }
A mighty Vengeance *Circe* does prepare, }
In this deep silence her wing'd Charriots bear. }
The dire Inchantress through th'unwholsome aire. }
Brooding ill Fate she sits upon a Cloud: }
Thrice the bad Genius of the World has bow'd, }
And thrice has own'd her Pow'r, the Charm is done, }
And now the dismal bus'ness is begun. } *It Thun-*
You flying Plagues seise, seise this impious Son. } *ders.*
1 Maid. Her beauty scorn'd, *Circe* resolves to prove
Cruel as the first thoughts of injur'd Love.
Oh tremble, tremble, and resist no more:
Beauty's a Tirant jealous of its Pow'r.

2 Maid.

2 *Maid.* A black revenge her fury has design'd,
But sighing at her feet your pardon seek,
And the relenting Beauty will be kind,
As the last words which dying Lovers speak.

*Orestes makes, the Scene vanishes, the Dreams and Ghost
sink down by degrees; the Bowr vanishes.*

Ores. Descend to burning Lakes, hot as thy Lust,
Ill boding Vision, my Revenge was just;
Night through the World does solid darkness spread,
The gaping Monuments restore their dead,
Who range about, 'tis the last dreadful day;
The Earth and Heav'ns begin to melt away. } *Darts of Lightning,*
On Clouds of Fire destroying Angels fly; } *Thunder.*
Must this great Frame dissolve and Nature dye.

S C E N E Seventh.

*Enter Pylades and Iphigenia with the
Grecian Train.* } *Thunder and Light-
ning here.*

Pyl. Sure all the Elements our fall conspire,
Loud Storms at Sea, at Land consuming Fire
Pursues us still.

Iph. ——— But why should Virtue fear,
When with their murthering shafts the Gods appear?
Guilt tremble thou when Heav'ns wing'd Vengeance flies
Through frighted Cities, or when Storms arise.

Ores. From Earths deep hollow dreadful } *Groans under*
groans are sent, } *the Earth.*

And Nature labours with some great event.

Approach, approach, dire things shall be disclos'd, } *Drawing Pyl. and*
My Mind is wilder now than Lust oppos'd. } *Iph. near him.*

Come we'll out-think young Prophets and out-dream

Religion, let Ambition be our Theam.

Come, the tumultuous World we'll visit now,

There to successful Vice the virtuous bow,

The Pious quarrel, Ignorance is loud,

All is amiss, in Schools the Wise are proud.

At

At Court they patient Modesty despise,
 Only the impudent are sure to rise :
 I found a Trumpet, and the dead shall wake ;
 The frighted Planets shall their Orbs forsake,
 And all with me to better Worlds retire.

SCENE Eight.

Enter Thoas with the Scythians.

Tho. If Glory e're thy youthful blood did fire,
 If thy great race has taught thee to aspire,
 Follow where I and my revenge shall lead,
 That undisturb'd we may together bleed :
Grecian, this day thou art decreed to dye,
 If thou dar'st fight, and Heav'n stand neuter by.

Ores. Ha ! art not thou that hungry Monster Pow'r,
 That feeds on all, then does it self devour ?

Tho. All things to Universal Ruin haste,
 Afflicted Nature seems to breath her last.
 My Throne must fall by your Eternal doom ;
 To sink with Empire ! Oh you Gods I come :
 If I have ought deserv'd for ev'ry how'r,
 In which I have groan'd, beneath the weight of Pow'r :
 Let me expire reveng'd. *[Makes at Orestes, who draws.*

Ores. ——— I'll not ingage,
 Thy clamours shall not rouse my sleeping rage : *[Pyl. draws.*

Pyl. Awake, awake ! the glorious Youth does stand
 With Wars swift Lightning useless in his hand.

Tho. Fall on ! revenge come quicken and inspire,
 Be thou instead of all my youthful fire.

[Fight, Ores. kills Tho. they drive off the Scythian Soldiers.

Ores. Bold Wretch lie there, my Courage now is warm,
 Bloody as Womens Lust, deaf as a Storm.

SCENE Ninth, and last.

Enter Circe, with her Maids, Spirits, Guards and Attendants.

Circe. Unfit for Empire, I must Rule no more,
 Firmness I want, that strong support of Pow'r :

[Tis

'Tis Resolution makes Heav'ns Empire great ;
 Like a weak States-man in some turn of State,
 Wild, unresolv'd I stand, eternal pains !
 High, fierce desires are boiling in my Veins,
 I must enjoy him, and the fire allay.
 The raging flames that on my Vitals prey.
 But witness, Hell ! I would like Lightning, blast,
 Burn, and consume whatever I embrac'd.

Ore. Ha Beauty here ! thy wicked Arts I know,
 What pains, and discord dost thou breed below !
 There Wisdom, and there Pow'r, thou lead'st astray,
 I'll from thy Poison flee.——

Cir.———*Orestes*, stay !
 Oh stay ! with thy enchanting presence keep
 These Hells, and this tormenting Rage asleep ;
 Once you were kind, on flow'ry Beds you lay,
 In Bow'rs, like infant Nature, fresh and gay ;
 Wreathing the Mirtle Garlands for your Brows,
 Fixt on your looks, and listning to your Vows,
 All day I fate.——

Ores.———Away bewitching fair !
 Fatal, expensive, ruinous as War.
 Shall I sit idle by my Senate aw'd,
 While Neighbouring Princes get renown abroad ?
 No, let me loose, I should the World o'come,
 Did not ill Subjects keep me poor at home :
 I would be one of those the Gods did make
 With restless Minds, to keep the World awake,
 A fam'd Destroyer.

Cir.———Then come joyn with me :
 I hate the World, and would destructive be.
 At our command Plagues through the Earth shall range,
 Warr, new Religion, universal change,
 Hot fighting zeal, ambition, all that can
 Bring swift destruction on Ungrateful Man,
 Wing'd with our fury through the World shall flie ;
 The World ! even lov'd by misery ! but I
 Would see it lost, Nature and Order die,
 See all consume in Universal fire,
 Injoy but him, and then my self expire.

Ores.

Ores. Oh noble rage! be ready Warriour! prove
That my great heart stoops to the Tyrant Love,
Once the soft poison did infect my Mind:
Like all new Lovers, diligent, and kind;
At *Circe's* feet I lay, but she is dead,
And to the Grave by Mourning *Cupids* lead:
Shew me the Tomb that shall her Ashes keep,
There I will truest Penitence out-weep.

Cir. Mad as the Winds! bring me the pow'rful juice
Which Herbs from the *Æmonian* Vales produce,
Gather'd at sacred hours, refresh his Mind
With that cool mixture, and the charm unbind;
Then bring the Mighty Philters that excite
The cold and tardy Lover to delight:
Down fierce desires, I wish and think too high,
Nature my Riots but this hour supply.
Love's flowing Wealth I would at once consume,
Intail not my delights on Years to come.

Ores. The Moon does sicken at some dismal sight;
The Stars grow dim, shrowd me Eternal Night.
Thou art——

[To *Circe*.]

My Mother's Ghost so melting with desire,
Wild breathing short her Breasts, and Eyes a fire,
She met th'Adulterer go bear to Hell,
That shallow plotting man, that would rebell;
He that does factions in a City breed,
Unfit those Factions to advise or lead;
That discontented trifle burn and tear,
But oh, thou sacred Ghost, *Orestes* spare.

Cir. I am thy Mothers Ghost, but sent from Heav'n
With order to pronounce thy Crimes forgiven.
My fatal Murder is forgotten now,
Shake off your Sorrows, and uncloud your brow,
Rest on my bosome, calm your noble Mind,
The Pow'r's above bid me be soft and kind.

[Embraces him.]

Ores. Blest shade am I forgiven? away my fear,
Zeal is deceiv'd to paint the Gods severe.
Let's seek the lasting home which Heav'n prepares:
I am grown sick of life and mortal cares.

Cir.

Cir. Come, you shall be to a calm Region brought,
 Where Wisdom is no more disturb'd with thought,
 Where Valour rests, we will blest Youth remove
 To the forgetful careless shades of Love;
 In thin attire, such as may loosely fly,
 And hide no beauty from the Lover's Eye.
 Trembling I'll come, you in my looks shall read
 In my short sighs and blushes what I need,
 Then we'll retire to feast on ev'ry sweet,
 With which the Youthful do the Youthful meet
 Tir'd with delights——

Ores.———Witness yee Pow'rs of Hell *[Starts from Circe.*
 How justly my adulterous Mother fell:
 Thy Lust extends it self beyond the Tomb,
 And thy incestuous Ghost is hither come *{ Circe goes to him, and*
 To tempt the vertue of thy wretched Son. *{ offers to embrace him.*
 No: those Embraces Nature bids me shun. *{ A Voice under the*
 Hark, hark! my Father groans! a dismal sound, *{ Earth cries, Pre-*
 He cries, Prepare to give the fatal wound: *{ pare, prepare.*
 Kill, kill! th'Adulteress. *{ Stabbs Circe.*
{ All the Stage is darken'd.

Cir.———Summon all my Art,
 Furies and Hell! the Sword has reach'd my heart: *{ She sinks in the*
{ Arms of her
{ Women.

Ores. Bind me with Fate, yet I the Chains will break,
 Are not all Women false Immortals! Speak?
 Falser than Science; I to Death will run,
 Their falsehoods and my Wretched Self to shun.

[Kills himself and dies. Pyl. and Iph. run to him.

Cir. Pow'r! Wisdom! guard me from the Tyrant Death.

All Ma. No, Fate has summon'd, you must yield your Breath.

Cir. Is it decreed? the World, Time, Nature call!

Tell e'm they must prepare to grace my fall;
 Such Greatness cannot, cannot sink alone.
 Dissolve the Earth, threaten th'Immortal Throne.
 To its first Chaos let the World return.

This solid Mass yee darted Lightnings burn: *{ Spirits bearing*
 Earths hollow Caverns let the Winds forsake, *{ Torches flie cross*
 Burst their dark Prisons, and the Center shake. *{ the Stage.*

My flaming Guard unfix the Poles, and tear
Each fatal Planet from his shining sphere.

*Horrid Musick.
It Thunders.*

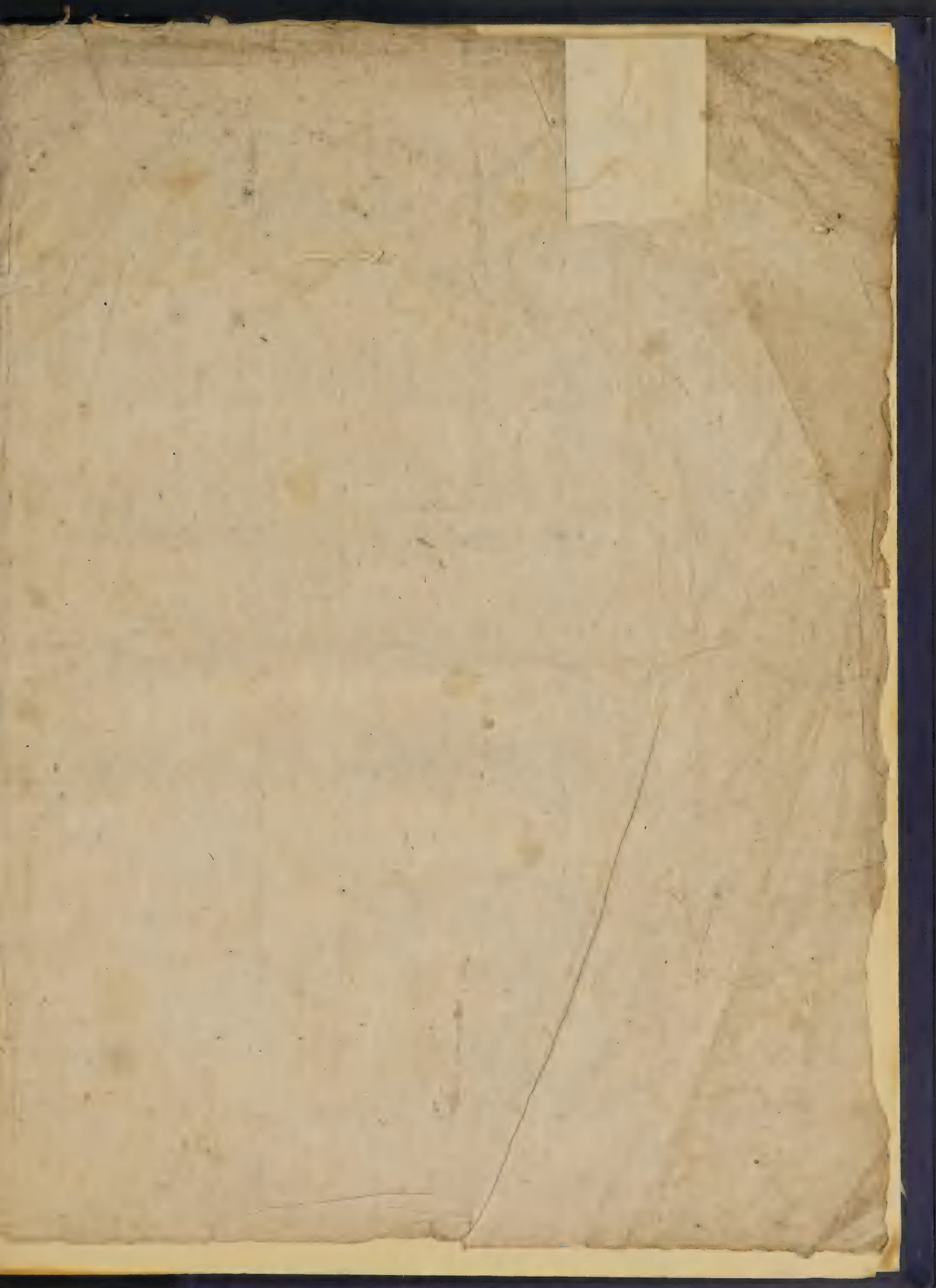
*The Stage is wholly darken'd, and the City of a sudden
is a fire.*

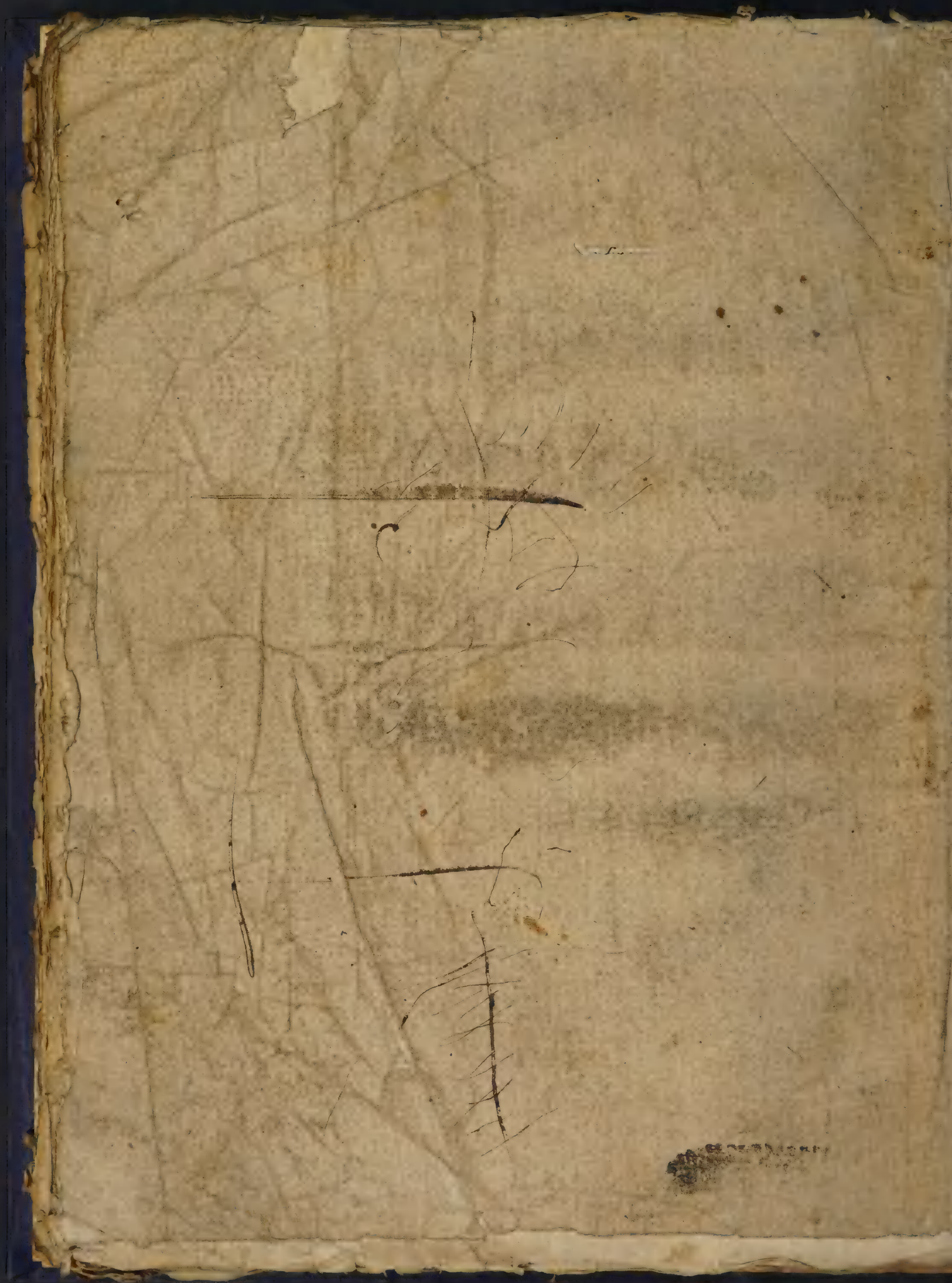
Iph. Why does my glass of life so slowly run,
The Miserable even Death does shun:
Grief kills as slow as Age; break stubborn heart,
Oh happy death, how still and calm thou art,
How toilsome Life!

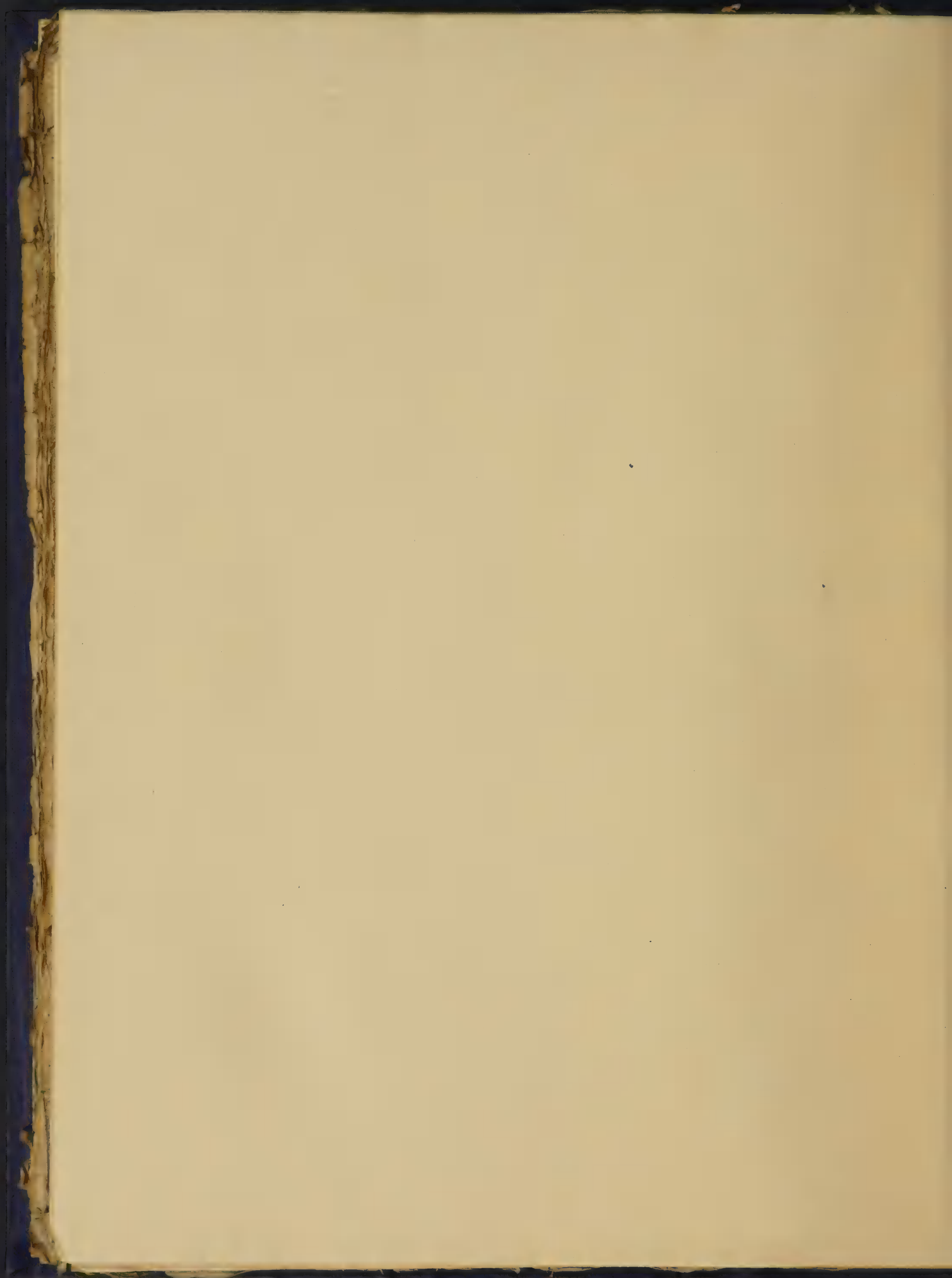
Pyl. Move swiftly Heaven with thy avenging fire,
Whilst in the flame we and the World expire.

Cir. Destroy, destroy, the Starry Thrones invade, *It Thun-*
I, like good peaceful Kings, am ill obey'd: *ders.*
Must I put Nature off, and be refin'd?
Become all spirit, thought, immortal Mind:
Can thought, our only torment here on Earth,
Afford such pleasure at our Second Birth:
When we're in Heaven, I fear the Pious boast,
In Death's dark Mist let all of me be lost. *[Dies.]*

The End.







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